collated Perfect. J.F.K. 1790.

THE PROJECTORS.

A Comedy

First Edition.

By, *John Wilson.*

Ætatem habet, ipse de se loquatur.

Imprimatur,
Roger L'Estrange. Jan. 13. 1664.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Playfere*, at the *White Lyon*, in the Upper Walk of the *New Exchange*; And *William Crook*, at the *Three Bibles* on *Fleet-Bridge*. 1665.

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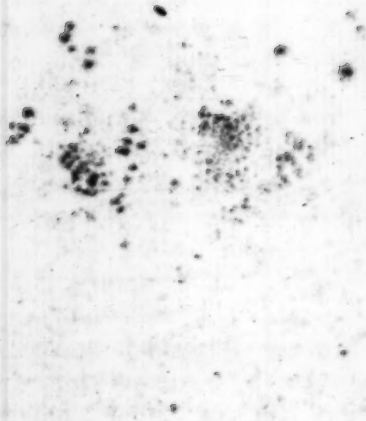

PROLOGUE.

IT is so hard to please, when things must be
Mouldy with Age, or gilt with Novelty;
That, in effect, 'tis but a Cross, or Pile,
In all that's written, whether well, or ill:
Nor have we ventur'd on this liberty,
That we suspect your judgments -- no -- they're free;
Free, as that Reason that inform'd 'em first,
And, were those common clogs of Interest
Once shaken off, would be the same agen;
What shall I say? -- shall I entreat ye then?
A poor inducement! --If ye will not do't,
Out of good Nature, let me bribe ye to't:
I —— now ye hearken —— But mistake me not;
We give no mony back —— That were a plot
Upon our selves — Yet we've as good a shift;
Ye that would learn to thrive, we'll teach ye Thrift;
And ye that would get more — Why faith —— for you,
We have — The Lord knows what — new Projects too;
And you' —— I forget my self — To run too far,
May chance to cloy ye, ere you see your fare.

THE

The Persons.

Sir Gudgeon Credulous.	*A Projecting Knight, Suitor to Mrs.* Codsgood.	
Jocose.	*A Courtier.*	
Ferdinand.	*His Son.*	
Suckdry.	*An Usurer.*	All in for Projects.
Squeeze.	*An Exchange Broker.*	
Gotam.	*A Citizen.*	
Driver.	Jocose's *Servant.*	
Lean-chops.	Suckdrie's *Servant.*	

Servant.

Mrs. Godsgood.	*A Widow.*
Mrs. Gotam.	*Wife to Gotam.*
Mrs. Squeeze.	*Wife to Squeeze.*
Nancy.	*Suckdry's Daughter.*

The Scene *LONDON.*

THE Projectours.

ACT. I.

SCÆNA. I.

Enter Suckdry, solus, (as coming from a Journey.)

Suck. NOw send that all things be well at home, — But troth, I half doubt it, my minde ſo miſgives me: —It could not be for nothing ſure, that the Rats eat a hole in my pocket laſt night, and a Crow kept ſcraping, and kawing at me this morning: —uh—my fears are out, — This Rogue has given me the ſlip, and is run away with my cloak bag. —

Enter Lean-chops with a cloak-bag under his arm.

Oh Lean-chops! —art thou come—
I profeſs thou didſt half fright me, —This *London* is ſo villanous a wide place, I was afraid I had loſt thee, and muſt have been at the charge of crying thee; — Art thou come Rogue?

Lean. As you see Sir :—But it seems, must thank this, for your care and my welcome: — And yet I'le undertake it might have slept safe on a Dunghil, for any thing that's in't.

Suck. Away sirrah, —I have often told you of your surly proud heart, — sirrah, sirrah, he that scorns a little, shall never be master of a great deal. —No more I say, but stand forth, and lets see whether we have lost any thing by the journey. —

He takes out a Roll, and reads.

Lazarus Suckdry! (— I God wot, a poor man ---- as poor as *Lazarus*! --- I must be contented, ---) Here I am : --- *Zachary* Lean-chops!

Lean. Here sir.

Suck. 'Tis well, — Lets on : — *Item*, one horse, --three shoes and a half, -- two stirrups, -- one saddle, -- one bridle, -- one girth, -- one crupper, and half a saddle-cloth.

Lean. All safe and forth-coming.

Suck. Very well, -- observe, --one doublet with a new pair of Foreskirts, -- one paire of Breeches with a blew Cod-piece Point, -- one pair of Stockings, —

Lean. Without feet Sir.—

Suck. No matter, no matter, — 'Tis not seen, --one paire of Boots, --one Spur, and Spur-leather, -- one pair of Gloves, -- one Basket-hilt sword, -- one Girdle-hanger, --one Hatt, --one Band, -- one Coat, -- one jump, -- and one switch, --

Lean. All in view.

Suck. Item, In the cloak-bag, --one Sessions Suit and Cloak, -- one pair of blew Stockings, with orange coloured garters, and roses, -- Three shoes, --one Comb, with five teeth, -- one razor, -- half a washing ball, and a piece of a Glass, -- let me see, is it fast? -- all safe? -- ha? --

Lean. As you left it : — He deserves to to be damn'd after it, that would venture a hanging by stealing any of 't :

[*Aside.*

Suck. Come *Lean-chops*, come, — This place is a little too publick, — We'll look over the rest when we come home.

Lean.

Lean. Unleſs we chance to meet a Rag-man by the way; and then — Rags to Rags, and Rubbiſh to Rubbiſh. [*Aſide*

Suck. Follow me, --and have a care, --Here comes a couple.--

Enter Joceſt-Driver.

One does not know what they may do.--Have a care, I ſay,--Have a care.——

Joc. Mr. *Suckdry*! —Your ſervant, —welcome to Town:

Suck. Thank you good Sir, --uh, --uh, -- he believes I have money in my Cloak-bagge, — would I were well rid of him. [*Aſide walking.*

Jo. How do you? — you do not look well, — let me give you a glaſs of wine; --'twill comfort your heart.

Suck. Wine! —uh—uh—I dare not, —my Doctor tells me 'tis naught for me. —I was right: —He thinks I have got mony, and would make me drunk, to ſteal my Cloak-bag, —uh--uh. [*Aſide.*

Jo. Come, --it ſhall coſt you nothing.

Suck. Another time, —uh, — uh, —This Rogue *Lean-thops* has ſmelt my gold at home, and told him where it lies buried. —uh, —uh.— [*Aſide.*

Jo. What ailes you Sir.

Suck. Uh, --uh, -- ſick, -- A fit of the Chollick. — I muſt home.

Jo. But perhas I have ſomewhat to ſay to you, may deſerve your ſtay: ——You have a daughter?

Suck. A poor Girle God wot, —What of her?

Jo. Call her not poor — ſhe that is vertuous, and handſome, is rich enough.

Suck. Ah Sir,——But every man is not of your opinion --Alas poor child! ſhe wants a Portion: — There's ſomething elſe requir'd, beſides vertue, and handſomneſs. —This, may bring admirers, that, ſweet-hearts, but 'tis mony, mony that gets the husband.

Jo. Let not that trouble you: --I have a Son, and though I ſay

it, a handſome fellow; One, that throw him where you will, ſhall live in the world.

Suck. But I can give nothing with my daughter, — poor wench, She's a right Philoſopher; She carries all ſhe has about her: —— Good Sir do not abuſe our Poverty, —— uh, —— uh. ——

Jo. Nor do I: — Here's my hand, I'm in earneſt: — What ſay you?

Suck. I have told you already: — ſhe has no mony:

Jo. And I have anſwered it: — Shall we bring 'em together?

Suck. For that, as you pleaſe, — you know her Portion, — uh, — uh: — I am ſick, and cannot ſtay to talk it longer now: — Farewel Sir, — This is a Trap to catch my gold, — But he may be miſtaken, — Old Rats are not ſo eaſily taken, as young Cats think, — uh, — uh; [*Aſide*] [*Exeunt Suck. Lean.*

Jocoſe, Farewel: — my Sonne and I'le ſee you within a few daies.

Dri. But (with your leave Sir) I hope you are not in earneſt.

Jo. No? — But I am: — And if I can but compaſſe it, ſhall think it the beſt daies work I ever yet did in my life: — This fellow (as poor as he ſeems) tell him but of a good Mortgage ſhall lend you ten thouſand pound upon't, at a days warning; and yet would have the world believe him to be a poor man: And ſuch, in troth he is, ſince he dares not enjoy what he has: for (O my Conſcience) were he now ſick in earneſt, he would rather die, to ſave charges, then be at the expence of a Gliſter.

Dri. A man would wonder at it, — Yet ſuch I've heard of.

Jo. But beyond him, I think few: — I have had this deſign in my head a long time, and made him many a Mortgage, and kept touch with him at his day, meerly to beget an opinion in him that I had great dealings in the world; when yet I have found enough to do, to keep my head above water.

Dri. Do not deſpair Sir: — But think how I may be ſerviceable to you, and ſee what I'le do, — A Mountebanck's *Zany*, ſhall not

not be at more command, nor half ſo nimble, as I'le be induſtrious.

Jo. I do believe thee, and perhaps may have occaſion to try you ſooner then you think of't:

Dri. Never too ſoon; nor nothing too much to ſerve ſo good and bountiful a Maſter:

Jo. Well then, to be ſerious, —— I have a great while gone the plain down-right honeſt way, but I find, that begets nothing, but laughter; And therefore, I'm ev'n reſolv'd to follow the reſt of the world, That is to ſay, feed the humours of fools, and if they will ſet up windmils in their heads, contribute my aſſiſtance to cut out the ſailes; —When ſaw you Sir *Gudgeon Credulous?*

Dri. Very lately; —— But ſo big with contemplation, there was no coming near him, —— 'Tis true, he cry'd, How does your Maſter? — Remember me to him, — Gave me the State Nod, —and *Exit.*

Jo. 'Tis ſuch a Political Hocus! ſuch a Frippery of Shreds, and parings, that I can liken him to nothing better, then a Taylors Cuſhion; no two pieces of the ſame colour: —— To day this, to morrow, that, the next, a third thing, But what that is, no man knows; 'tis paſt all mens underſtanding, and his own too; for (to ſpeak truth) he never had more, then a man might well truſſe up in an Egge-ſhell, and room to ſpare: in a word, I may ſay of him (as 'tis ſaid of Nature, concerning Monſters) He was produc'd, not intended.

Dri. Nor have you miſtook your Character — I have known him A Mathematician, a Pol, a Star-gazer, a Quack, a *Chaldean*, a Schoolman, a Philoſopher, an Aſſe, a broken Grammarian, and moſt abominable Poet, and yet ſick of all, but the Aſſe: and now at laſt (if I miſtake him not) a moſt confident, ignorant Projectour.

Jo. And that, he may thank me for, — I ſaw he was paſt the remedy of a Mortar, and if I ſhould have pretended to a miracle, to have reduc'd him, 'twould have been hardly believ'd; And therefore I ev'n let him alone, and as I ſaw occaſion, work't him to my own purpoſe: — me thinks you might be uſeful to me in't.

Dri.

Dri. And will: —— I am your ſervant, command it.

Jo. Here dwells hard by, one Miſtris *Gods-good*, a rich Widow, to whom I have made ſome long pretences; nor had they been (as I am told) altogether ſucceſleſs, if this Cockscombs Eſtate had not hung in my light: —— ſhe believes him what he is, an Aſſe, but yet a golden Aſſe, and cry's, that's enough to cover his other faults: Now could I flea him of that fine skin, I need not trouble my ſelf to make him ridiculous, and conſequently, do mine own work.

Dri. And truly he's in a fair way to't. —— And now give me leave to tell you, you could have thought of nothing wherein I could have ſerv'd you better.

Jo. I know thou haſt been bred a Schollar, and thy invention not ill: —— But canſt thou Cant?

Dri. How think you Sir, —— Suppoſe I ſhould tell him I had ſtudied the *Emporeuticks*, *Lemnicks*, *Camnicks*, and *Plegnicks*, could demonſtrate the *Minimum quod ſit*, of *Homocrecious*, and *Heterocraſions*; and ſtripping *Materia Prima* to her ſmock, diſcover the moſt private receſſes, and occult qualities, of *Ignica-drillica*, *Metallorgonica*, *Euricatactica*, and *Hydropanta preſſoria*, Do you believe (I ſay) he would be able to underſtand more of it, than I do my ſelf, which is juſt nothing? If you call this Canting, let me alone with him.

Jo. Excellent! —— Then to ſubdivide 'um into as undemonſtrable (yet ſeemingly probable) Projects, —— We ſhall make ſuch ſport!

Enter Ferdinand.

Dri. And yet good mony I warrant you Sir, —— But ſee! my young Maſter, —— yet me thinks not ſo merry at heart as we are.

Jo. Now *Nando!* —— What news with you: —— Thou art as ſpruce, as if thou hadſt been with thy young Widow, yet look'ſt as heavy, as ſhe had turn'd thee to lead: —— How goes it?

Fer. Why faith Sir, I juſt came from her.

Jo. And what? —— How did ſhe receive thee?

Fer.

Fer. So, ſo, — The City way, — But at laſt I had laught her into a pretty good humour, 'till (as the Devil would have it) in drops her Uncle, and quite dampt all, with a noiſe of Joyntures, and I know not what, A diſeaſe, I think I ſhall be laſt troubled with: — To be ſhort, ſhe did in effect tell me, ſhe was handſome, and would never marry, but to better her Fortune.

Jo. Let her go, let her go; — If thou wilt not be wanting to thy ſelf, I le put thee upon a better, and one that ſhall never cheat thee by pretending to be richer then ſhe is; for in a word, ſhe is not worth one groat.

Fer. What do you mean Sir?

Jo. A good wife, and (for ought I ever heard) may make a vertuous wife.

Fer. No ready mony Sir? — me thinks, half one half 'tother, were ſomewhat like:

Jo. Let not that trouble you: — Her Father is rich, very rich, and has no other child to leave his Eſtate to, and ſhall rather put her off, to an ordinary Fortune, with nothing, then give an hundred pound, to marry her to the beſt Eſtate in *London*.

Fer. And who may this be good Sir?

Jo. Old *Suckdry*'s daughter.

Fer. I could like it well: — But how is it to be done?

Jo. Not, with that toſſing Feather, Lewd Peruwig, Lac'd Band, Flanting Linnen, Embroyder'd Belt, wide Slops, Shop of Ribbons, and vile *Porte-canons*.

Fer. Why Sir, you have ſeen them all before:

Jo. Nor am I angry with thee, for doing as other people do, — no, — I had rather have thee comport thy ſelf to every mans humour: — With old men, ſevere; with young, jocund; with the humourſome, moroſe; with women, galliard; with thy companions, pleaſant; and with a niggardly Raſcal, more ſordid than himſelf; at leaſt, appear ſo; — And ſo would I have thee treat this fellow.

Fer. If that were all, I could eaſily follow your directions.

Jo.

Jo. And you may not repent it: — Go, — be rul'd by me; —Strip all this trumpery, — 'tis enough to fright him: — ſhould he ſee thee now, he'd ſwear the feathers were more worth than the Bird: — Go I ſay, and get me ſome little odde hat, but quite out of faſhion; a diminutive Band, no cuffs, haire ſhorter than your eye-brows, at moſt, not beyond your ears, cloſe breeches, greazy Gloves, Greſham Shoes, Leather Shoe-tyes, and for your Cloak, no matter if it be of another Pariſh, he'll like it the better.

Fer. My acquaintance would laugh at me.

Jo. Get thou the mony, and laugh at them boy: — Then for your diſcourſe, — get me together all the baſe, ill, ſordid tricks of a covetous wretch, and deliver them as morals; — wonder at the ignorance of the age that knows not thoſe honeſt thrifty Rules, or if it do, its ſhame in not practiſing them.

Fer. Well Sir, I ſee you are in earneſt, — and for once I'le try what I can do: — But I doubt —

Jo. Do — and ne're doubt it: — about it ſtraight, while 'tis hot, and leave the reſt to me.

Fer. You have commanded, and I ſhall not diſpute: — But if I bring it to paſſe, I may well ſwear, miracles are not ceaſt. [*Exit.*

Jo. Come — let's be gone, — thou knoweſt the plague's in the City, and if I ſtay longer, 'tis odds but I may be infected.

Enter Sir Gudgeon Credulous.

Dri. I hope Sir, you do not fear Sir *Gudgeon Credulous?*

Jo. O no, — he's a good preſervative againſt it.

Dri. I told you he was as big as he could hold, — Do you not obſerve Sir, how hard he wrings his brows, to the manifeſt hazard of diſblocking his Peruwig? — Will you not ſpeak to him?

Jo. Preſently, — let's view him a little.

Sir *Gud.* It muſt take without doubt, and the profit be infinite, — No man knows what: — But for the manner of doing it: —

it: —— This way? —— No —— It may be certain, but 'tis too far about the bush. —— That way? —— No: —— for though it be the shorter cut, we may yet be too hasty in the experiment. —— Tother way? —— Neither, —— the charge will be too vast: —— Hang charge, we shall quickly fetch't up agen, —— All I fear is, The thing will be so considerable, it may chance to be begg'd from us; and against that, there's no other fence, but to swear 'tis worth nothing —— That was well thought on. — Then after this, comes my Widow —— I shall be but too rich —— one *Jupiter!* there could be no lesse then then ten *Jupiters*, Lords of my Nativity.

Jo. Sir *Gu. Credulous!* —— save you! —— I see there's hopes of the business you mind it so well, —— Have you made any experiment?

Sir *Gud.* Yes. —— But I do not find it altogether answer expectation: — However, 'tis but early daies yet.

Jo. Pray be very curious in it, and *Driver* (to whom I have committed the management of my interest) shall assist you: I must tell you, he's no ordinary Artist,

Sir *Gu.* Better and better — then he has seen it?

Dr. Seen it Sir! —— If I should tell your Worship all I have seen, I should despair of the work, 'twould so put you out of patience.

Sir *Gu.* Good *Driver!* —— and how? and when?

Dr. Did not I tell you, you would not have patience? —— Good sir let things do themselves: —— one minutes over-hast, is enough to put us a twelvemonth back: — for it fares here as with the Philosophers Stone, the least error in the work, and we must begin all anew.

Sir *Gu.* Honest Mr. *Driver* — I will be rul'd. —

Enter Gotam, *a Note book under his arm.*

Got. 'Tis he —— I have his name here fast in my Book in good black and white. — Let me see — *E, F, G, H, I, J, J* — *Jo, Jo, Jo* — *Jocose* — Here 'tis — *Jocose* — pag. 150. — Mr. *Jocose* for himself and

Wife— 108 *l.* 7 *s.* 9 *d. ob.*— A good round sum, would I had it, I could be content to bate him the single mony.

Jo. But hark you *Driver*— Thou seest this Pagan Cousin of mine, and know'st his business;— prythee put him off with some whim or other.

Dr. I warrant you sir,— leave him to me.

Jo. Cousin! your servant—I was just sending my man to speak with you, but he knows the business, and can tell't you, as well as my self.— Come Sir *Gudgeon*— I le wait on you.

Exeunt Sir Gu. *and* Jocose.

Got, Your servant sir— I thank you.

Dr. Now Mr. *Gotam*, you may see what 'tis to have a Friend at Court—You thought, I warrant, my Master had forgotten you.

Got. Why, truly sir, this mony has been due a pretty while;— long before his Wife died, I am certain.

Dr. No more of that.— Suppose he put you on a businesse shall make you for ever,— And be worth ye:— thou hast hardly faith enough to believe, what!

Got. Aa!— good Mr. *Driver*.— As how I pray?

Dr. Why thus,— my Master, you know, has great friends, and therefore doubts not, but by their assistance to procure a Patent of Priviledge, to engross a business solely to himself.— I must confess it will scarce amount to more then a Coppy-hold Project.—

Got. What do you mean by that?

Dr. That is to say, it will not exceed Ten Thousand pound a year,— and I can assure you, if ever there were an ingenious Invention, 'tis this,— and in this my Master intends to take you in with him, and let you go what share you please.— You shall do no worse then himself.

Got. Ah sir, my Cousin is an honest Gentleman, and I have had long experience of his love:— How do ye call it?

Dr. 'Tis an *Ignicke, Hydreticke*, and *Hydroterricke* invention, consisting of Heat without Fire or Smoke: And certainly, Nature and Art, melted down into the same body, could not produce such

such another *Diacathalicon*, that shall equally serve to all purposes; Roast, Bake, Boile, Wash, Brew, dry Mault, Hops, Wheat, Oats, and generally every thing else (as I told you before) without the help of Fire or Smoak: — Now sir, you know the business, and may consider of it.

Got. Consider! — I apprehend it already, and find it too great to be dally'd with: — Why it will destroy all the Woodmongers upon the River, and reduce them to their first Dungboats agen. — How have you done touching the charge?

Dr. Truly you have hit upon one of the main points, — and part of the reason why my Master made you privy to it; — for as on one hand, we must take in some Sharers to lessen the charge, so on t'other, it behoves us to consider how many we may admit, for fear of diminishing the profits.

Got. Most true — we'll carry't on between our selves: — It will fall to my turn to be Church-warden this next year, and then I shall have the Custody of the Parish Stock, if that will serve you, command it, — we shall be able (I hope) to fetch it up again before my time be out.

Dr. By much: — But the business is now on foot, and must not stand still for fear of spoyling; and therefore we must be provided of present money; because, you know, some fees must be scatter'd among Servants and Clerks, and some other will go to making of Tryals, — things will not come without charge.

Got. You say right, — and now I think on't, I may be able to bring in my Neighbour *Squeeze*, the Exchange-Broker, and by his means old Mr. *Suckdry*, and Mrs. *Godgains*; theres money enough at an hours warning, if one could tell how to get it.

Dri. Pray about it, and I'le see you to morrow; — if you go forth leave word where I may find you. — Farewell, — I must follow my Master, — the Knight and he are gone to see a proof of what I told you. *Exit* Dri.

Got. Farewell, — but Mum. — Certain I rize with the right end upward to day, I have had such good luck; — I shall be an Alderman I see, in spight of all three-half-penny Stars: — I think a Brass-jack-line would hang as well on my shoulders as another

ther mans; — certain it must. — But see — my Wife. —

Enter Mistris Gotam.

This *Hyterridinctido* will be news to her, — y'faith will it. — Sweet heart! — well met.

Mrs. Got. I had as liefe ha' found you at house; — the main chance goes well forward in the mean time, and you never in your Shop: — God held I a Beggar I found thee, and a Beggar thou lt leave me.

Got. Nay Wife, — I have good news for thee, — I have been with my Cousin.

Mrs. Got. And has he paid you the mony? — I am sure't has been due ever since my first Husbands time.

Got. 'Tis sure enough, — not too hasty Wife, — we are beholding to him, — you know he took notice of me at Court, shew'd you the Privy Lodgings, got you a place at the Play, gave you a Bottle of the Kings Wine, and a Court Tart, and sends us Venison twice in a season Wife. —

Mrs. Got. Better he had sent his mony, and I could have got t'other my self; — marry gipp, — this is one of your old excuses; you think you have got a Wife can maintain you, and now forsooth you must walk like a Gentleman: — Sirrah, sirrah, look out and mind your business, or I'le make you look out.

Got. Good faith I do.

Mrs. Got. Yes — among your Gills too much: — what was that you said to our maid tother night in the Kitchin, when you thought I was a bed? — I heard you, — you mought have come up a pair of stairs higher if you had pleas'd; — I don't wonder now she's lost her stomach.

Got. This is nothing but thy jealous head.

Mrs. Got. Jealous! — Come up here! — You can be merry enough abroad; when you are amongst your flirts, but at home you're as sad and lumpish as a Gibb'd Cat; — I can tell you the reason, — Thou art sad because thou canst not bury me: — I half doubt the Rats-bane you bought tother day was not alto-

gether for the Rats: —— Do you underſtand that, Gentleman?

Got. Not I in troth.

Mrs. Got. No, you won't,— you can underſtand your Goſſips well enough.— 'Tis a fine thing, you muſt be perpetually hopping after them; and I forſooth! I cannot walk in the fields with a Friend,— but whoop! the houſe is too little for you.— My firſt Husband was another kind of man; my finger could not ake but he I woo's! —— nothing was too good for me.—— When will you ſay, Dear wife, Honey wife, Sugar wife, how doſt thou? doſt want any thiug? would'ſt have a new Gown? go abroad? walk to *Iſlington*? ſee the Bears?—— Go whither thou wilt; do what thou haſt a mind to,— I am not jealous:— Here was a Husband! [*She cryes.*

Got. Prethee have done,— I told thee I had been with my Couſin, and have good news for thee.

Mrs. Got. As what I warrant?

Got. What!—, Such as ſhall make thee a Lady within this Twelvemonth:— My Couſin and I are ingag'd in a buſineſs cannot be leſs worth then Fifteen Thouſand Pound a Year honeſtly:— Now Wife!—— where's your Loving Husband?

Mrs. Got. Whatever I ſay in my paſſion, thou art—— 'Tis but only to make the better.— But hark ye my dear,— ſha'nt we not keep a Coach then?

Got. A Coach!— Yes,— and Eight Horſes,— and our Country Houſe new built.— Come— follow me, and I'le tell thee the reſt within, which I would have thee communicate to your friend Mrs. *Godsgood*, and bring her in for a ſhare, while I do the ſame to my Neighbour *Squeeze* the Exchange Broker:—— Come——

Mrs. Got. Any thing good Husband,— I'le be thy beſt Wife.

——*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

ACT. II.

SCÆNA. I.

Enter Lean-chops *(solus,)*

Lean. WEll— o my Conscience there was never so unluckey a fellow as my self; —— Service do you call it? Certainly, if Damnation be only *Pœna Sensûs*, that were a fitter name for it; —— Here I live with a Master that has Wealth enough; But so fearful, sad, pensive, suspicious a fellow, that he disquiets both himself, and every one else. —— Art (I have heard say) has but Seven Liberal Sciences, but he has a Thousand Illiberal. —— There lives not a more base, nigarly, unsatiable Pinch-penny, nor a more gaping, griping, Polling, extorting, devouring Cormorant: —— A spunge sucks not up faster, and yet a Pumice gives back easier. —— The sign is always with him in the Clutches; and a Kites Pouncke trusts not more readily. —— He shall watch you a young Heir, as diligently, as a Raven a dying Horse, and yet swallow him with more tears then a Crocodile. —— He never sleeps but he Seals up the Nose of his Bellows, least they loose breath, and has almost broke his Brains, to find the like device for his Chimney, and his Throat— A Gamester has not studyed the advantage of Dice half so much, as he, a sordid Parcimony, which yet he calls Thrift; And will tell you to a Crum, how much difference there is in point of loss, between a hundred dozen of bread broken with the hand, and cut with a knife: — The Devil's in him, and I am as weary of him, as of our last Journey, which both of us perform'd on the same

ſame horſe.— As thus,-- In the morning (about two hours before him) out gets Peel-Garlick, he joggs after, overtakes me, rides through the next Town, and a little beyond it, leaves Palfry a grazing for me, and marches on himſelf; in like manner, I get up, overtake him, ride on, and leave him on this ſide the next Town, and ſo order our buſineſs, that he rides out in the morning, and into the Inn at night, and through every Town by the way. Nor need we fear any mans ſtealing him: Smithfield at the end of a long Vacation cann't ſhew ſuch another Wall-ey'd, Creſt-falne, Saddle-back't, Flat-rib'd, Gut-founder'd, Shoulder-pitcht, Spur-gall'd, Hip-ſhotten, Greeſe-moulten jade; beſides Splint, Spavin, Glanders, Farce, String-halt, Sprains, Scratches, Malander, and Wind-galls innumerable.— Like the fools Hobby-horſe; were it not for the name of a horſe, a man had as lief go a foot:— and thus we jogg on in grief together.— But hold,— I hear him,— ſomewhat's amiſs.

Enter Suckdry.

Suck. Undone, undone,— whither ſhould I run?— whither ſhould I not run?— Stop there,— whom? what? where?— I know not— *Lean-chops!*

Lean. Sir,— what ayles you?

Suck. Oh— A loſt undone man:— what a deal of miſery a day brings forth?— I have loſt my mony, and what ſhould I live longer:— hunger and poverty will be my end.

Lean. How much have you loſt Sir?

Suck. I believe thou knowſt as well as I,— Ah— a whole half piece,— Gon, gon, gon; and I undone.— I believe thou haſt found it;— open your coat,— Lets ſee your right hand,— your left hand,— both hands,— your third hand,— vh,— no hopes,— undone undone.

Lean. Pray ſir ſearch,— perhaps it may be about you— you have many pockets. [*They ſearch, and find it in a dirty cloath.*

Suck. Impoſſible,— impoſſibble,— vh!

Lean. Why ſee now,— may not you be aſham'd to uſe me thus,

thus, and for nothing too?

Suck. Asham'd! — what should a poor man do with shame? — Get in, get in. —

Lean. 'Tis past three of the Clock, and I have eat nothing to day.

Suck. This Rogues mind is nothing but his Guts — A good thrifty servant, that minded his Masters profit, would have gone to the Cooks, and cheapen'd every joynt, tasted all, but bought none, and made a good meal on't. — One would think sirrah, you might not be asham'd to do what your Master has done before you. — Get in, I say, and look to the house.

Lean. There's no fear that any one will carry't away, and for any thing in't, there's nothing but Cob-webs.

Suck. What's that he mutters? No marvel sirrah, if for your sake I am not made an Alderman! — I will have the Cob-webs preserv'd, they are good for a cut finger. — Get in I say — How the slave stirs? — If I come to ye, I'le mend your Snails pace.

Lean. One were better be hang'd then endure this life.

Suck. How he mumbles the Devils Pater Noster? — Sirrah get in, and stir one foot till I call ye, and thou hast as good have broke thy neck. — So, — He's gone. — *Exit Lean.* And I'le go visit my gold: — I am afraid I have spoken in my sleep, or dropt some word or other that may discover it; or that this Rogue has eyes in his Poll, and observ'd where I buried it, — but if he has, I'le so dig 'um out: — I have reason enough to suspect it — men speak more heartily to me then they were wont; are more free in their salutes; stop, and talk with me; shake me by the hand, ask me how I do, whither I am going, what's my business, if they may serve me, and the like, — nay, Mr. *Jocose* t'other day would have giv'n me Wine, and prefer'd his Son should marry my Daughter, without a Portion too! — Ah, Ha, — I do not like when rich men speak kindly to a poor man; they offer bread with one hand, but carry a stone in t'other. — But I loose time, — my gold, my gold! — this must be the place: — All's safe, and I'm alive agen! — All hail! —

Thou

[*A board ſinks, and his bags are diſcover'd.*

Thou that giv'ſt form to every thing.— Thou ſun of life,—— Thou Guardian that Protect'ſt us; — Thou Regent of the world, that diſpoſeſt's all things as thou beſt pleaſeſt's; and without whom, humane ſociety would quickly fall in pieces:— For whatever elſe may be call'd the Girdle, I am ſure thou art the Buckle that hold ſt it together. —— There — reſt in peace my better

[*He covers it agen.*

Angels; and while I call yee mine, let the world frown, laugh, point, or hiſs, one glance of yours is worth it all; and I ſhall want nothing, but too few Arms to hugge my ſelf:— I ſhall be courted by every man, welcome every where (at leaſt from the teeth outwards) for in this world, Gold ſeaſons and reliſhes every thing, and men are received, not for the Aſſes, but the Goddes's ſake.—— Tis like having a handſom Wife, every man is, or would be your Servant.— Hoe! *Lean-chops, Lean-chops.*

Enter Lean-chops.

Lean. Your pleaſure Sir?

Suck. I am going abroad *Lean-chops*,—— ſhut the door after me, bolt it, and bar it, and ſee you let no one in, in my abſence— Put out the fire (if there be any) for fear ſome body ſeeing the ſmoak may come to borrow ſome.—— If any one come for water, ſay the Pipe's cut off,— or to borrow a Pot, Knife, Peſtle and Morter, or the like, ſay they were ſtole laſt night.—— But hark ye,— I charge ye not to open the door to give them an anſwer, but whiſper't through the key-hole: For I tell you agen, I will have no body come into my houſe while I'm abroad;—— No,—no living ſoul:— Nay though good Fortune her ſelf knockt at door, don't let her in.

Lean. Shee'l have care enough of that her ſelf,— ſhe has been often near us (but I think there is a Croſs upon the door) ſhe ne're came in yet.

Suck. Sirrah, ſirrah hold your peace and do as I bid you;—— 'Twould better become you to know more, and ſpeak leſs:——

See it be done.— [*Knock within.*

See who's at door, but let not one in, till you have brought me word.— [*Exit Lean-chops.*

What a misery 'tis to be thought rich,—— one or other is perpetually haunting him,—— while the poor man yet, is rich in this, that he's troubled with none of it:—— He fears neither Thieves, nor Quartering of Souldiers; he is exempt from rates, and Parish-duties; He sleeps securely without Bolts, and is subject to no mans envy; every mans Trencher is his Table, every place his own Country, and lives in peace with all men, but the Justice, the Constable, and the Beadle.—

Enter Lean-chops.

How no! Who was't?

Lean. Mr. *Squeeze*, your Exchange Broker—— he would fain speak with you.

Suck. O let him in by all means,— he is a good man, and never comes empty handed,—make haste before he be gone sirrah—— [*Exit.*

This Rogue will never learn wit,— one would have thought he had liv'd long enough with me to have been able to distinguish persons,—— I must ev'n discard him,—— 'Twill save charges.——

Enter Squeeze, Sir *Gudgeon Credulous,* Mrs. *Godsgood, Gotam.*

Squeez. I'le shew you the way Gentlemen, I have some Interest in my pocket for him, and will pay him that first,— 'twill make him more supple.—— I was just coming sir to wait on you with some monie that I had receiv'd for you, and met with these Gentlemen coming to me about a like business, and I ev'n brought 'em with me.— 'Tis— [*They whisper.*

Suck. O they are welcome, they are welcome, and chiefly your self:— It came in good time, for I profess, I had hardly a groat in the house.

Got.

Got. How? — Then our buſineſs is done already: — what's worſe then ill luck? [*To Squeez.*

Squeez. Pleaſe you to tell it over. — The overplus is for continuance. [*He whiſpers it.*

Suck. Do'nt ſpeak ſo loud, — I underſtand you. [*Goes aſide & counts it.*

Squeez. Let him alone a while, — let him handle the monie, — He means, he has never a Groat he would ſpare by his good will. [*They whiſper.*

Suck. Tis all right and vvell, — only here's a Parliament Sixpence, pray change it.

Squeez. How was I miſtaken? — There ſir.

Suck. Hark you Neighbour, — what's their buſineſs?

Squeez. Such as you never dealt in before, — the moſt ingenuouſt Invention was ever yet found out. — I'le undertake after the firſt Year you may make *Cent. per Cent.* of your monie every three months, beſides a certain Banke ready upon all occaſions.

Suck. Say you ſo good Mr. *Squeeze*? — As how? As how?

Squeez. They'll tell you that themſelves; — You know Mr. *Gotam*? he has been alwaies held a ſober man.

Suck. Indeed has he, and vvell to paſs: — He is of the Livory, and in a ſhort time will be Maſter of his Company; — He marry'd the Widovv *Mince*; I knew her firſt Husband, — he vvas a thriving man.

Squeez. Marry was he. — But the buſineſs is of ſo great a concernment, that 'tis not one or two ordinary mens purſes are able to carry it on. — The other is Sir *Gudgeon Credulous*, a vvorthy, vviſe Knight, and in his own Country of the Peace, and *Quorum*.

Suck. He ſeems no other.

Squeez. There is a Gentlewoman too, one Miſtriſs *Godsgood*.

Suck. O, — I have heard of her, — A rich Widovv.

Squeez. That ſhe is o'my knowledg; I deal for her, — All

persons concern'd,—— but the main Wheele of the vvork is Mr. *Jocose.*— Faith sir, I'd have you come in too; — As poor a man as I am, I am resolv'd to go in Five hundred pounds.

Suck. But what shall you come out Neighbour? What? &c.

Squeez. No man knows what! —— You had best speak to 'um.

Suck. How much would they have from me?

Squeez. That shall be as you please, whither any thing or nothing: —— only at present they would borrow of you Tvvo Thousand pound.

Suck. Two thousand pound! —— Do you know vvhat you say?

Squeez. Yes, 2000 *lib.*— You are too quick for me,— I meant upon good security.

Suck. O— that alters the case.— Life is frail, man mortal,— but good Security may do much; — What is the Security? — Citizens, or Country Gentlemen? — You know my vvay,— I must have a Judgment at least.

Squeez. Pray talk with 'em your self.

Suck. You're welcome Mistriss,— Sir *Gudgeon Credulous*, I understand,— And you Mr. *Gotam*, — Your businesse vvith me?

Sir Gud. The same sir.—— I thought Mr. *Squeeze* had inform'd you?

Got. If he has not, we shall.

Suck. Why truly — he has given me a small touch of't.

Sir Gud. Then thus Sir,— We are all persons jointly concern'd in the same busines; and we look upon the whole charge (what is past and to come) may amount to 9000 *li.* — somewhat under a years profits:—— Of this I am out already 4000 *li.* The Widow *Gods-good* advances 1500 *li.* more;— Mr. *Gotam* 1000 *li.* Mr. *Squeeze* 500 *li.*— And to make up the sum, we vvould borrow of you 2000 *li.*— upon good Security.—

Suck. Alas sir! — 2000 *li.* — I am a poor man: 2000 *li.* and I are not so near of kin, but we may marry to morrow.— But if

your ſecuritie be like, and you'll be civil to me, I have ſome friends: ---Pray Sir what is your ſecuritie? [*Spoken whiningly.*

Sir Gu. Would the Court of Aldermens were as good: --- Securitie!

Enter Lean-chops.

Lean. Sir there's a Gentleman at door enquires for you.

Got. For me? ---It may be Mr. *Jocoſe*, --- Pray deſire him to come in, --I am glad he found me out, ---Now you'l be able to ſee the very guts of the buſineſs.

Suck. What ſhare goes he?

Sir. Gu. Alas Sir, None; ---'Tis enough for him that the invention was, and the Patent will be his: --- There's reaſon in all things: ---

Enter Driver.

Oh Mr. *Driver*! Where's your Maſter?

Got. Where's my Coſin?

Dr. He intended to have been with you himſelf, but being unluckily taken ill of the Gout, he ſent me to your houſe, where I heard of your being here. ——

Suck. A good rich diſeaſe — I warrant I ſhall ne're be troubled with't.

Dr. All that he bad me ſignifie to you was, —— That the work went well on, and only wanted more workmen, and more materials.

Sir Gu. We are about it now, and have provided very well for the time. — And now you are come, pray ſave me a labour, and let this Gentleman underſtand the buſineſs.

Dr. Which Sir? — That of the *Plegnick* Screw, The *Hand-querne*, or the *Horſe-Wind-Water-Mill*?

Sir. Gu. Ha! — Ha! ——

Suck. Have you more then one?

Sir. Gu. Divers, divers, which is the reaſon of the exceſſive charge, — Though troth, twas more then I knew before — [*Aſide*: — But —— The more the merrier: Prythee lets have that, that

is

is now in operation ——I think you call'd it, *The Metallorgan icum Ignicadrillicum.*

Dr. You mean that of a constant heat, without fire or smoak.

Sir. Gu. The same, The same.

Suck. How is't possible? ——which way?

Dr. Tell you that, and tell you all; —— Every Art has it's Occult quality, which once demonstrated, would cease to be a secret, and some other might chance to get between us and home: —— However, since here are none but friends, and all well-willers, I will give ye some small hints of't, which to be short, is singly effected by a new kind of motion (for you know, motion is the cause of heat,) And this meeting with matter ready dispos'd, shall either work naturally by it self, or in cases extraordinary, by an *Antiperistasis*: —and be, not only *Equi-sufficent, Equi-cheap, Equi-excellent*, as all minor Projects pretend to, but more cheap, more sufficient, and super-excellent, which when we are better acquainted, I will easily demonstrate.

Suck. I'll promise you, if this be able to be made good, 'twill save abundance of Wood and Coales.

Dr. That's least; —— What say you to this? —— First there can be no danger of firing; for as I told you before, 'tis done without fire. — Secondly, You are not troubled with smoak, the greatest enemie to mans health. — Thirdly, No Soot shall fall into the Pot, nor Fat be lost in the Fire. Fourthly, It shall so preserve the radical moisture, juice, and substance of Hops, and Mault, that whereas now, they retain in a manner, only their fixt salt, and excrementitious dead substance, this shall so conserve their Balsamical spirits, That the Brewer shall be able to afford twelve shilling Beer, at half a Crown a Barrel, and get more by't then he does now: —— Fifthly, As you well observ'd, no charge of fuel. —— Sixthly, (Which one were enough by it self) It is an invention, or rather a new marvellous Art, useful to all, and injurious to none, and such as besides the eternising our names to Posterity, shall give us at present, Honour, Fame, Friends, Wealth, and (as a consequent of that) every thing. [*The rest whisper while* [Squeeze *and* Suckdry *discourse.*

Squeez.

Sq. What think you of this Sir?

Suck. O'my Word no contemptible buiſneſs. — I hear he has more on foot; and why may n't we get one to our ſelves?

Sq. Perhaps you may: — And the lending this mony may be a good introduction to t'other.

Suck. Don't you think they would take half mony, and half Jewels?

Sq. Perhaps they might, but then you muſt enlarge the ſum, or they may want mony to carry on the work.

Suck. You ſay right: — What's their Security?

Squeez. O'my Conſcience if you would but ſtand upon't, they'd go near to Mortgage to you, a third or a fourth part of the clear Profits.

Suck. Softly, — Don't talk of a Fourth, — I'll make 'um believe I will have a moiety; though rather then fail, I could be contented with leſs.

Sq. If I might adviſe you Sir — [*They whiſper.*

Dri. Why truly to tell you truth, — we have made very few proofs of the reſt: — But if you will call at my Maſtres's, I'll give you that account of 'em may be worth your trouble: — There will be enough for you all.

Sir Gu. But hark ye Mr. *Driver*, — Don't you bob me off, with a third rate Project now? —

Dr. Sir *Gudgeon!* that you ſhould think ſo!

Suck. Do you propoſe it to 'um: [*To Squeeze.*

Squeez. I ſhall Sir. — Mr. *Gotam* you know we propounded 2000. *l.* for Mr. *Suckdry*: — I have done the Work, and he ſhall be contented with a third part of the profits for Securitie, — I hope you will conſider me in my Share. [*Aſide.*

Got. And all the reaſon in the World; — You hear Gentlemen what he ſayes.

Sr. *Gu.* I would have him ſecur'd, — But I would not though leave a twentie ſhilling piece in pawn for a groat.

Suck. Alas Sir, 'Tis none of my mony, 'tis my Friends, and I'le account truly between you both: — If you intend honeſtly you cannot give too great Securitie.

Dr.

Dr. You may do it, I'le undertake my Maſter ſhall not oppoſe it.

Sir Gu. Then get ready the Writings;—I hope we ſhall have a good account in a ſhort time.

Suck. As ſoon as you pleaſe; — I'll about it ſtraight; —— We may be all made and ſend us but good luck.

Sir Gu. Well Sir, Farewel for the preſent. [*Exeunt all but* [Suck. *and* Dr.

Suck. Farewel good Gentlemen; ——But ſtay Mr. *Driver*, —pray ſtay,—— let me ſpeak with you,— methought you were ſaying your Maſter had a great many other Projects; — Surely, —ſurely, he muſt be a very rich man.

Dr. Why faith Sir, he is well enough, tho' he be at a great deal of charge; for now and then an Engine breaks, and an experiment fails; ſhould all take right, he would be too rich, but that's almoſt impoſſible; he that will get, muſt now and then venture to loſſe.—— This is our comfort, the firſt good hit, pays for all miſcarriages.

Suck. That's well, — But pray tell me, —What children has your Maſter?——

Dr. One Son Sir, and that's all: — I have often ask'd him why he toiles himſelf to leave ſo great an eſtate, when the tenth part of what he has alreadie would ſerve my Young Maſter, and to ſpare.

Suck. No ill ſign, --I like him the better, --But doſt think he was in earneſt when he propos'd a match between his ſon, and my daughter?

Dr. Yes trulie, if he ſaid it, you may believe him; --But alas! What ſhould my young Maſter do with all that Wealth you two are like to leave him?

Suck. Keep it, keep it, and breed more: ---Prythee tell me, doſt think thy Maſter would ſettle a good ſwinging Project upon him in poſſeſſion?

Dri. Yes trulie, I believe he may.

Suck. Then hark you, ---Pick me out a good round one, and it may not be the worſe for thee; --- 'Tis the firſt part of Faul-

conrie

conrie to hold faſt, and if thy young Maſter has that good qualitie, I dare truſt him for the reſt, — or he may quickly learn it.

Dr. I ſhall be glad with all my heart to be an inſtrument, in the buſineſs; —— And now upon ſecond thoughts, I think your daughter may make an excellent wife for him.

Suck. Your reaſon good Mr. *Driver*, — Your reaſon?

Dr. Becauſe I have ſo often heard him proteſt againſt your great matches, (as he calls 'em) and compares 'em to an ill pudding, all blood, and no fat.

Suck. I'le be ſworn, a hopeful young man; — But tell me (Prethee be true to me) what kind of wife does he moſt affect, if he might have his choice?

Dr. What? —— Ev'n a good honeſt mans daughter that ſhall bring him no charge, nor put him in fear of being eat out by her kindred —— One that ſhall never ſend her Husband on a How d'ye, or keep more Coaches in Town, then he has plows going in the Countrie —— One that ſhall not ſpend his *Michaelmas* Rents, in *Midſomer* Moon, and coſt him more in ſailes, and rigging, then the Hull's worth.

Suck. 'Tis a hundred pitties, but thou were Superviſor General of the Female ſex.

Dr. Faith Sir, I car'd not much if I were, I ſhould be the better able to ſerve my friends — But this is not all.

Suck. Prythee on — I like it well.

Dr. One that is not haunted with Perfumers, Lacemen, Milleners, Silkmen, Jewellers, Mercers, Exchange-men, Semſters, and Hey day! And can be contented with her husbands Tailor. —— One that underſtands not the way of ſmooth chinn'd pages, and can find both Lacquies, and women, in a ſingle Chamber-maid —— One that was never read beyond *Aqua fortis*, and tinning glaſs, and is as much gravelled at *Spaniſh* Paper, and *Talcke* as a Countrie Vicar, at an Hebrew Pedigree: —— One that has no Aunts, nor ſhe Coſins to viſit, and goes not above thrice a week to the Drawers for new patterns — One (to be ſhort) that is all her ſelf, and thinks it no ſcorn, to be her own Semſtreſs, and Tirewoman.

Suck. Say'ſt thou me ſo my heart ?—And if I han't a girle that fits him, ſhe is not like her Father: —Come Maſter *Driver* — Be but aſſiſtant in ſtriking up this match, and thou ſhalt ne're know what it may be worth thee: —Come, — A man muſt promiſe at large, though he perform at leiſure; hope makes men diligent. [*Aſide, Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

SCÆNA. 1.

Enter Jocoſe, Ferdinand, *in a Preciſian habit, and* Driver.

Jocoſe. [—This is ſomething! —I proteſt I ſhould hardly have known thee my ſelf! —But one thing —I do not like this hat, —'tis ſo high Crown'd, he'll ſwear 'tis meere waſte, and three Ounces of ſtuffe might have been well ſav'd.

Fer. That may be quickly mended, either by getting another, or circumciſing this;— it lies under the band, and will ne're be ſeen, or if it ſhould, he'll like it the better.

Dr. Ne're doubt it Sir. —It muſt take— for I have read him ſuch a Lecture of my young Maſters frugalitie, that he is out of all patience till he ſee him,—and if you can but out-cant him now, the work's done.

Fer. That muſt be left to chance, —And yet 'tis not impoſſible, but I may make my partie good with him: — Have I liv'd in *Genoa* (where the Jews come laughing in, and go crying out,

out, as having met with greater Jews then themſelves,) and do you think I ſhall not be able to deal with him? —— I warrant ye:

Jo. Well ſaid *Nando*, —— A good confidence is half the thing.

Fer. But when muſt this robbery be?

Dr. I expect him here inſtantly, though not purpoſely about this buſineſs; for my deſign was to have it come on, as it were by the By, and of it ſelf.

Jo. What other buſineſs has he?

Dr. O Sir!——To ſee how the main work goes forward; Beſides, he expects you ſhould ſettle a good luſty Project upon my young Maſter; and I am wide of the mark, if he is not hammering at another for himſelf. —— And to tell you truth, ſo they are all,

Jo. Now ſend that thou haſt not engag'd us further, then we ſhall be able to get off fairly.

Dr. Pray Sir truſt me—— Have I deſired you to appear in't? Or been wanting to't in any thing my ſelf?

Jo. Well, I referre it to thee;—— But muſt you have all the ſport? were't not poſſible that I might at leaſt laugh inwardly.

Dr. I was juſt making it my requeſt to you, that you would ſo diſpoſe your ſelf, as to overhear the diſcourſe, and perhaps it may not be unworth your while—— for the men having conſider'd that two heads are better than one, have communicated it to their wives, and ask'd their Adviſe in the point, and they are ſo a Gogg upon't, that they muſt have their Projects too, and amongſt them, you'l find your Widow, —— I never ſaw things hit more luckilie,—— 'tis impoſſible but you muſt carry her,

Jo. Do you expect 'um here?

Dr. I wonder they ſtay ſo long, —— and when they come, what they will ſay;—— [*Knock within.*
That knock, may chance to be their's.

Jo. Take the occaſion of leaving 'em alone, —— for perhaps

they may be more free amongſt themſelves then if either of us were preſent.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir here are ſome Gentlewomen that enquire for your ſelf, or Mr. *Driver.*

Dr. It muſt be them.

Jo. Deſire 'em to walk in. — [*Exit Servant.*
Do you tell 'em I am a little buſie, but you'le go and acquaint me with it; —— You ſhall find me in that Window.
[*Exit* Jocoſe *and* Ferdinand.

Dr. So, —— And now for the good Women, — But what to ſay to 'em, tell he that can, he muſt be better read in theſe books then I am.—

Enter Mrs. Godſgood, Mrs. Gotam, Mrs. Squeeze, Nancy.

Dr. Lady's! —Your ſervant, —— And had you not commanded the contrary, I had ſav'd you this trouble by waiting on you my ſelf.

Mrs. Go. No Sir, 'tis our own buſineſs, and we thought leaſt notice might be taken of it, by diſcourſing it here.

Mrs. Sq. Yes indeed, 'twas all our opinions: — Only I muſt confeſs the Widow here would have preferr'd a little ſtate, before convenience.

Mrs. G.G. But ſince I was over-rul'd; — Pray Sir, Where's your Maſter.

Dr. I'll let him know you are here, and he'll wait on you preſentlie.

Mrs. Got. I think this Gentleman would be able to do our buſineſs as well.

Mrs. Sq. Yes truly, —He looks like a likely man.

Mrs. G. G. However if Mr. *Jocoſe* were preſent too, 'twere no whit the worſe.

Dr. Be pleas'd to repoſe your ſelves a while, and it will not be long 'ere my Maſter wait on you.

Omnes.

Omnes. Your Servant Sir. [*Exit Driver.*

Mrs. G. G. Come Neighbours, I think it were not amiss if we agreed among our selves what we would have, before they come.

Mrs. Got. Now truly and indeed, 'twas well-mov'd.

Mrs. Sq. I like it well, pray begin.

Mrs. Got. Trust me not I, — but I'll do as good, — I'll put in now and then; — Pray Mrs. *Godsgood.*

Mrs. Sq. However you mistook me, I mean it so; — pray Madam, — No pray forsooth — will you?

Mrs. Sq. Not I indeed, — how say you? — The Widow. —

Omnes. The Widow, — the Widow. —

Mrs. G. G. Then in obedience to your Commands, — And may this present meeting be happy and prosperous, to our selves and the whole Commonwealth of Women; and that we propose those things that may be for the Common good and dignity of the Sex: — You cannot be ignorant how much your husbands have incroacht upon you, or (to speak truth) how much we have all lost, by letting the men ingross all business to themselves, without so much as asking our advice, as if we (forsooth) were no part of them, and made to no other end, but to sit at home and prick our fingers.

Mrs. Got. I indeed, — a publick grievance.

Mrs. Sq. The more's the pitty.

Mr. G. G. Pray Sisters, — Has not every pittiful Corporation it's Counsel, the meanest Parish it's Vestry, and our very Fumblers their Common Hall? And shall women only loose their priviledge? Shall we alone do nothing?

Mrs. Got. Had we no more wit then to be rul'd by our husbands, we shou'd n't, — but for all that we (now and then) do our parts, and sometimes too, more then comes to our shares.

Mrs. Sq. Thank themselves, that wo'nt be quiet when 'tis well.

Mrs. G. G. Pray no interruptions in the middle of a speech: There will be time enough for all. — Nor would I set up a new thing, only revive an antient and laudable (tho' somewhat anti-

antiquated) Cuſtome.—— I have heard of an old Emperor, ſomewhere or other, that ordain'd, That as he had his Counſel of men, ſo his wife, ſhould have hers, of women, which ſhould be Independent, and without appeal to 'tother.—

Mrs. Got. Marry away with him,— An old man! — What ſhould we do with him? —— And I have heard of a place too, where they hung up the men, after they come to threeſcore, as things paſt their labour, and conſequently uſeleſs.—

Mrs. G. G. Yet agen! —

Mrs. Sq. No more of that good Siſter, for if I miſtake not the ſtory, they were more ſevere upon us, and burnt us for Witches at Forty.—

Mrs. G. G. Hey day! — Pray Siſters.

Mrs. Sq. Peace,— Silence.

Mrs. Got. With all my heart;— No offence I hope.

Mrs. Sq. None on my part I aſſure you.

Mrs. G. G. More ſtill! —— This Councel, as I told you, (whether in jeſt or earneſt it matters not) They call'd the Shee Senate, and this is that which our preſent intereſt ſhould prick us forward to reſtore.—— Nor let it be any rubb in the way, that Women are forbid to ſpeak in Publique, that being meant of a Congregation of men, and I ſpeak only of an Aſſembly of Women,—— for otherwiſe, if we were ever to hold our tongues, to what uſe were they given us? Thoſe tongues, I ſay, that if they might, would ſpeak ſenſe as well as their own; and upon a good occaſion, could be as loud —— Think you (I warrant) they were given us to no other end, but to lick our teeth, and cheapen Eggs? —— I think not,— and why ſhould vve not uſe 'em then? —— No doubt but vve may, and perhaps too, to as much purpoſe as the men; for could vve look into their Councels, 'tis ten to one but vve ſhould find many things our ſelves vvould have been aſham'd of.— How common is it with them to be five dayes in vvording the Queſtion, and as many more e're they can put it right, and perhaps at laſt, make nothing of it:— Whereas we, are plain down right, we think what we pleaſe, and ſpeak what we think.— How does this Conſultation

ſultation thwart that, a third both, a fourth all, as if they met only to juſtifie the Proverb, So many men, ſo many mindes; Whereas we, if the reines were in our hands, if we did not manage them better, I am ſure it could not be worſe.

Mrs. Got. Well open'd, —— pray proceed.

Mrs. G.G. I think this enough for Introduction; —— The next thing I would have conſider'd is, of what perſons this Councell ſhould conſiſt.

Mrs. Got. Of whom but women?

Mr. Sq. All that will, —what elſe?

Mrs. G. G. That would be rather a Tumult than a Councell.

Mrs. Got. And to ſelect a few, and exclude the reſt, would be —— What d'ye call it? —— The men have a hard word for't— *Oli—Oli—Oligar*, —— fie upon't, I can't hit it, —— Oile and Garlick I think they call't, —'tis either that, or ſomewhat neer it; —— A very mark of tyrannie.

Mrs. G.G. Pray no more interruptions, — If you do not like it referre it to another time; —— And firſt, (if I might adviſe) I would have no maids of this councel.

Nan. No maids! ——Why I pray? were you never one your ſelf, or was it ſo long ſince, you have forgot it?

Mrs. G.G. Pray give me leave, —— I ſay no maids, becauſe we may happen to ſpeak that among our ſelves, that may not be fit for them to hear.

Nan. Goodly, goodly, —— As if we could not tell how the Market went, tho' we neither bought nor ſold in't.

Mrs. Got. Well ſaid little Gentlewoman, —ſtand up for your Priviledge.

Mrs. Sq. I warrant they are not ſo ill bred, but they know what's, what, as well as our ſelves; — How ſay you Mrs. *Nancy*, do not you know a pudding, from a Cart Wheel?

Nan. I think I do!

Mrs. Sq. Did not I tell you ſo?

Mrs. Got. But how will you know, which are Maids, and which not; —— Do not all go for Maids till they are married?

Mrs.

Mrs Sq. And are not ſome afterwards? — What think you of thoſe that have overgrown old fellows to their husbands? — may not they be call'd Maids, though perhaps much againſt their will?

Mrs. G.G. However for honours ſake we'll think 'em otherwiſe: But my meaning was, that none be received, but ſuch as are, or have been marri'd.

Mrs. Got. Well diſtinguiſht, — And yet perhaps it might be no hurt, if they ſat behind the hangings, though they gave no voice; — 'twould make 'em the abler againſt they came to't themſelves.

Mrs. G. G. For that, as you pleaſe; — But pray no more interruptions: — The next, I would have none admitted that have been ſhod round: — And amongſt them I would place ſuch as are paſt fifty, who like old Gariſons are fit for nothing but to be ſlighted, and the rather too, to make roome for others.

Mrs. Got. And good reaſon, — pray on:

Mrs. G.G. Then I would have none admitted, that had not firſt purg'd her ſelf by her corporal Oath, that ſhe had never made her Husband a Cuckold: — Unleſs ſhe be very ugly, and that in ſuch caſes it be taken for granted, that ſhe has not.

Mrs. Got. Now out upon't!

Mrs. Sq. This Widow I ſee would make a very Tyrant.

Mrs. Got. Confeſs and be hang'd, — I am for none of't,

Mrs. Sq. Nor I neither; — Here's a fetch with all my heart. —

Mrs. G. G. At leaſt you may qualifie it by *Proviſo*, That if it be done to oblige a Gentleman, ſhe may notwithſtanding, *&c.*

Mrs. Got. That alters the caſe a little; — But I am clearly for throwing out both.

Mrs. Sq. And ſo am I, — At leaſt for laying the debate aſide till a full houſe.

Mrs. G.G. What you pleaſe, — I do but offer — Next, That if any diſcover the ſecrets of the houſe abroad, That ſuch Perſon

Perſon or Perſons, have their tongues committed, to a three daies ſilence, without Bail or Mainpriſe.

Mrs. Got. Inſufferable!

Mrs. Sq. A tyrannie never heard of before!

Mrs. G. G. Pray have patience, —Next, that none be permitted to ſpeak irreverentlie of their Husbands, in as much, as be the men what they will, the Wifes honour, depends upon theirs, to traduce them, were, but in effect, to diſgrace our ſelves.

Mrs. Got. Oh! Worſe and worſe.

Mrs. Sq. Abominable, and not to be endur'd. [*They walk and fume.*

[*Driver and Joceſe (appear above.*)

Dr. You ſee Sir
How hard your Widow's beſet, I think 'twere not amiſs if you reliev'd her.

Jo. And ſo I will, — She's better qualifi'd then I expected, — Follow me. —

Mrs. Got. Not ſpeak irreventlie as you call it! — Do you think it reaſonable, that my ſham-leg'd Monſieur ſhould ſay what he pleaſe of me, and I, nothing? Or fit (I woo's that he be ever rambling abroad, When (though I ſay it my ſelf) I am as able a Woman, for the matter of the point of that, as any Woman in the two next Pariſhes; — And I muſt ſit ſtill and blow my nailes forſooth?

Mrs. Sq. Or that mine ſhould be perpetuallie abuſing and ſtriking me, — I am ſure he has ſo pomell'd me about the Head, that I am hardly able, to bear a cup of drink, as they ſay: — For look you, d'ye ſee, when I am troubled, I go to the ſalutation, with two or three neighbours, or ſo, and call for our Gills of ſack (a piece, (alas you know it is not much) and then we ſit and chat over it, and look ye d'ye ſee, I am now and then troubled with a Rheume in my ſide, and go lame a little, and then when I come home, my Rogue ſaies I am drunk, and ſtink of *Aquavitæ*; when alas, 'tis well known, 'tis meer grief, meer grief makes me in that condition; Aa — you don't know this husband of mine — he were a very devil, but that he wears his horns, — And is this to be born think you.

Jo. Hold a little, —not yet. —) [*To Driver offering to enter.*

Mrs. Got. No by my troth is it not. —— Come, come, serve him as I did mine; --He stroke me t'other day; and I set out my throat as loud as I could, that he had murdered me for what I had; and as the neighbours came in, I made 'em believe I was in a swoune, and held him so long in suspence, that from that day forward, I got the staff into mine own hand; —— Ah my poor first husband, he was a man of a thousand, I could have made him believe the Cow was made of Wood, —— But how d'ye think I brought him to't; —— Even by complaining first, and pretending he did this and that in his drink, which he (good man) never thought of; and if ever he deny'd it, 'twas but bringing my maid to witness, and I was sure to be ask'd pardon.

Mrs. Sq. I—here were a woman for the Chaire!——

Mrs. G.G. Withal my heart. ——

Mrs. Sq. Then for the *Quorum*, —— if two Women and a Goose make a Market, I see no reason, why three, may not make a Council, at least to determine, tho' not to hear?

Mrs. Got. I agree with you; — And truly I think so we should all; — But for this Widow, — She's insufferable! — Come neighbour *Squeeze*, I see we must be well advis'd, whom we trust the Chaire with, — She may in time betray our liberties.

Enter Jocose, Driver.

Jo. Madam, Your servant, —— me thought I heard you somewhat hot, —— could n't you agree?

Mrs. Got. No indeed Sir, Nor is it likely.

Mrs. Sq. Truly I think 'twere not amiss if we intreated this Gentleman to take up the business.

Mrs. G.G. You could not have thought better; —— Pray Sir will you give your self a small trouble to oblige us.

Jo. Alas Madam 'tis too large a Parish for me; However I shall look upon your intreaty as commands; —— What may it be?

Mrs.

Mrs. Sq. Why thus an't pleaſe you.——

Mrs. Got. No, pray let me.

Jo. Hold,—ſuppoſe we walkt in; we ſhould be leſs ſubject to diſturbance,—Will't pleaſe you Madam,—

Omnes. With all our hearts. [*Jocoſe leads off Godſgood,*

[*They follow, manet Driver.*

Dr. Call you me this Matrimony! —— Help the good man ſay I, for I am ſure they need it; —— And yet certain there muſt be ſome little, I know not what in't, that I am ignorant of, or they would not be ſo hot upon't, That like bold Seamen, having ſcapt one Wrack, they dare yet venture on another: —— Whatev'r it be, I envy it no man, bleſs him with it ſay I —— I had rather believe my ſhare of it, then run the experiment; —— For as far as I have ev'r obſerv'd, Between a quiet, and an unquiet Woman, there is only this difference, That he that has the firſt, rides an ambling horſe to the Devil, and he that has the ſecond a Trotter.——

Enter Sir Gudgeon Credulous, *and* Gotam.

Sir, Your Servant.

Sir Gu. Honeſt Mr. *Driver*,—— And how? —— What news?—— Ha 'you been as good as your Word?

Dr. Yes Sir, —— here are ſome,—— And you may take your choice. [*Shews his bag.*

Sir. Gu. Aa! —— Mr. *Driver*,—You were ever my friend:—— But prythee ſatisfie me by diſcourſing the reaſon of 'em, as why, ſome are more lucky in their hits, then others.——

Dr. You muſt know Sir, that inventions came by degrees, but have ever had this ill fortune, to be fatal to the firſt Inventors, who have only diſcover'd a new ſhore to ſhipwrack their perſons on it, or bury their fortunes in it.

Got. How ſhall we do then?

Dr. Well enough, —— We have this advantage, that others have gone before us, and broke the ice to our hands; —— However we muſt not be ſo haſty as to expect all things ſhould be

done at once; — No, — Nature makes no leaps, and Invention which is the hand-maid of Nature, must but follow her, and take patern from her.

Sir Gu. Nay I grant ye, time perfects every thing; Nor can it be thought, that our invention should be so absolute, as that it were impossible to be improv'd.

Dr. You have hit the point, and learnedlie; — However for demonstration: — The Spade and Shovel were Primitive Inventions, and from thence came the Plow; — In like manner from the Rake, the Harrow; — From the Pestle and Mortar all sort of Mills, whether Horizontal, or Plegnick; Horse, Hand, Wind, Water, or otherwise; — From the Wheel-barrow, Carts and Coaches; — From the scraping of a Hen, Letters; — From Pease-Hulls in the Kennel, the Invention of Shiping; — And from a Kites taile, the Rudders to 'um; — I should have mentioned an other thing, which how simple soever at first, 't has been since improv'd to a wonder.

Got. As what good Sir?

Dr. Why thus; — You know men originallie lapt Water like doggs, but finding that a little troublesome, They soop't from their hands; — from thence came Wooden dishes, thence earthen Pitchers, Thence Black-Jacks, thence Flagons, thence Kanns, thence Horns, thence Pewter cups, thence Glasses, and as an *Enmechanick* from the whole, Silver and gold Tankards.

Sr. Gud. I le be sworne thou hast cut out the buisnes notablie.

Gat. Marry has he; — A shrewd fellow. — But hark you, — Have you remembred me?

Dr. Presentlie — I was just coming t' ye, — And shall only tell you by way of *Prolegomena*, That Inventions are of two sorts (to wit) either such as are destructive to humane Societie (as the Invention of walking invisible, and making Ships and Boats sail in the Aire, as well as on the Water, which we call *Cacamechana*) or such as are advantageous and useful; and of this kind, I think I can shew you as much choice, as any man whatever he be.

Sir Gu. I muſt confeſs I am for thoſe,—let's ſee.

Got. I, I—Thoſe, thoſe.

Dr. You ſee Gentlemen, I am not ſhie to you, I dare truſt you to peruſe my papers! [*They turn over his papers.*

Sir Gu. Aa! Good Mr. *Driver*——What are theſe?

Dr. Let me ſee——moſt Excellent things!——You know Sir, we *Engliſh* men chiefly buzzle our heads about two things, That is to ſay, Religion, and Trade;——And truly you have luckily hit upon both,—The one, is a Project for a Divinitie-Mill, that ſhall go by any winde, and never ſtand ſtill.

Sir Gu. But of what uſe?

Dr. Marry—To grind Controverſie, and that ſo fine, and ſubtile, it ſhall hardly be perceptible,——And I'll undertake, make more Proſelites, than ever did *Chancers Frier* with his ſhoulder blade of the loſt ſheep.

Sir Gu. Lay that by,—I'll fit you a Chapman.——[*T'other.*

Dr. Why—this—'Tis the height of Art!—An *Emporentick* Invention, of making Cloth without Wool.

Got. How's that?—Cloth without Wool;—Make me but that good, and Write your own Conditions.

Sir Gu. With your favour Sir,—I was in before you——Pray go on——How is it to be done?

Dr. Why thus——I ſhall diſcover all.——

Sir Gu. Not to your friend?——good Maſter *Driver.*

Dr. Then thus——You muſt gather the Atomes into a Glaſſe well ground, and then thred 'em upon a fine imperceptible Loome, and when they are once Wove, 'tis eaſie milling 'em to what conſiſtence you pleaſe.

Sir Gu. But how ſhall we do for this Loome?

Dr. Did you never hear of *Vulcans* Net?—You muſt take Copy by that.

Sir Gu. Cry y'mercie good Mr. *Driver*,—This ſhall be mine;—I have a Glaſs (as one would ſay) made for the purpoſe,—A moſt excellent Optick,—It ſhall make you an Atome ſhew as big as a Quarter Staffe.

Dr. Alas Sir the Thread will be too big, and fit for nothing

but

but to Thrumme Coverlets; whereas my design in't was to alter the affairs of Christendome, by breaking the Spanish trade of fine Wool, and the Duch new manufactures.

Sir. Gu. I apprehend you,— The Price?

Dr. Why troth Sir it will not go, under five hundred pound and a quarter share.

Sir. Gu. No more,— I'll give thee a note to my Goldsmith —— Honest Mr. *Driver*. [*He goes aside and writes.*

Got. Here —— here Mr. *Driver*,—— What are these?

Dr. A rare invention for the sealing of Butter, without the charge of Butter Prints;—The same for Ginger-Bread.—

Got. Go on — This!

Dr. This — A Whirligig for Dreining the Sea, for Treasure Trove:—— But to this there belongs another — oh —— I have it,—— A devise to stop up the Rivers, that they shall n't run in, till the Work be over:—But this will be a work of time, and charge.

Got. However, the profit will answer it.

Dr. Here are others would do as well, or better —You grasp at too great things. — An invention for the making Books sell at treble the rate they would have done otherwise.—

Got. As how good Sir? —— my brother shall be in for this.

Dr. By a fine new Title and Picture before it; or if that faile, getting 'um suppress, and somewhat else which I shall only tell the Bookseller himself. — A new Engine for the better sowing of Wheat, and setting of Leeks;— A Proposition for the Farming the Excize upon Jews-Trumps, and Town Tops,—

Sir Gu. Not forgetting Nine-Pinns, and Shovel-Board Tables I beseech ye.

Got. As how I pray — can that amount to any thing?

Dr. Almost incredible, —There's a great mistery in't,— for look you Sir; Do but consider how many more boyes, then men there are, and then make the conjecture — Where's this, —oh— Here — Be happy.— Here's an Invention will do thy Work:— Thou may'st ev'n shut up Shop, or do what thou wilt.

Got. I can turn it over to another, which will be all one,—What is't?

Dr,

Dr. Why, 'tis a Project to incorporate the Gold-finders, and makes 'um turn Salt-Peeter-men; for beſides that the materials will be exceeding cheap, the learned, upon experiment have found, it makes the beſt Gunpowder, by reaſon of its Nitrous qualitie, and the refuſe, moſt incomparable ſoape; An Invention muſt neceſſarily deſtroy the trade of Pot-Aſhes, and conſequently bring all the Soap boilers in *London* under your girdle.

Got. I'm ſatisfi'd, --- Not a word to Sir *Gudgeon*; --- Lets ſhake him off, and you and I'll drive the Bargain by our ſelves; --Pray Sir uſe me as kindly as you can, and I promiſe to conſider you better as the Profits ſhall ariſe.

Dr. Well Sir I ſhall not preſs too hard upon a young beginner, --- I hope you'l be as good as your Word.

Got. If I am not, -- [*Sir* Gu. *gives* Dr. a *note.*

Sir Gu. Here Sir, --- If to morrow be any thing fair, I'll begin the experiment, and perhaps, make ſome ſmall eſſay this night upon the Moon.

Dr. I know not what excellent qualitie your Glaſſe may have above others, --But if I might adviſe you, I would defer it to the Dog-daies.

Sir Gu. The goodneſs of my Glaſs will ſupply a ſmall defect, -- I'll tell you what; --- But you'll happily believe it, --- I have diſcover'd with it a Flea in the Bears tail, and a Louſe in *Caput Algol* --- *Anglicè*, *Meduſa*'s head, --- Tis but trying --- Come, I am out of patience till I ſet it on foot: --- My ſervice to your Maſter, -- I cannot ſtay to talke with him now; -- Farewel.

Dr. Your Servant Sir. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT.

ACT. IV.

Enter Squeeze, Driver.

Dr. GOod Mr. *Squeeze* no more, -- I am so full of business I can hardly tell which to set about first.

Squeez. But I am afraid, these will scarce turne to account.

Dr. How! -- not turn to account! -- Is the sole engrossing of all Love Letters (whither in Verse or Prose) within the Realme of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, so cheap in our eyes? -- Besides that unimaginable Project of procuring a fift Terme, and the multiplication of Offices, according to the augmentation of Suits, so slight with you? -- O the boundless Avarice of insatiate men!

Sq. Nay good Mr. *Driver*.

Dr. What! -- nothing content you, unless you fine for Sheriff the first year. -- Gi' me't agen.

Sq. Pray Sir, -- Are you angry because my Wit is not so ripe as yours; -- Great things are not so easily apprehended: -- Suppose I offer'd that of a fift Terme, to the *Innes* of Court, and Doctors Commons, do you think they would advance any thing considerable upon't?

Dr. Think! -- About it, and be thankful, -- We shall have you now once in a twelvemonth not know your old friends; -- But if you do, it shall be a warning to me, how I ever---

Squeeze

Squeez. What d'ye take me for —— pray no more.—— Fare you well. —— [*Exit Squeez.*

Dr. Your Servant. —

So, ſo— the wheels go merrily round : —— And now for my main game, Mr. *Suckdry*, —— if I can but ſqueeze that Sponge into my young Maſters pocket, the work's done, — let me ſee — [*Noiſe within.*

He muſt not take me unprovided, —— Hark ! — 'tis he. — [*He turns over his bundle.*

Enter Suckdry.

A Project for the reprinting of *Tom Thumb* with Marginal Notes and Cuts; And that every man within this Kingdom, buy it of the Patentee, at the rate of Twelve pence, or come up to Town to ſhew cauſe why he will not.

Suck. Good — I won't diſturb him yet.

Dr. Another— for raiſing ſix pence upon every thouſand of Bricks ; and two pence a joynt, for every joynt of Meat that ſhall be dreſt on Friday's and Saturday's.

Suck. Excellent ! —— This fellow will be rich, he minds his buſineſs.

Dr. That every Uſurer pay twelve pence *per* pound out of all intereſt mony, towards Charitable uſes, and that the Patentee have the diſpoſing of 't.

Suck. Oh ! — He'll ſpoil all agen. [*He ſtarts.*

Dr. Whoſe there? — Mr. *Suckdry !* — Your ſervant, — you ſee I am at work for you; —— But this is not the buſineſs I have deſign'd for you — Hmh —— 'tis come at laſt —— Here 'tis — A thing ſhall bring you in a vaſt deal of mony without any charge, —— beſides the primary charge.

Suck. As what, good Mr. *Driver ?* What ?

Dri. Why 'tis a Wooden-Horſe, ſo contriv'd with Screws and devices, that he ſhall out-travel a Dromedary, carry the burden of fifteen Camels, run you a thouſand mile without drawing bit, and which is more then all this, not coſt you two pence a year the keeping.

Suck. Ha, Ha, He —— y'faith —— y'faith! prythee on, —— Is there no difficulty in the work?

Dr. The greateſt, will be to ſet him a going: But I think I have ſufficientlie provided for that: —— I'll tell you how I have order'd it: —— Turn one Pin, he ſhall Trot, another Amble, a third, Gallop; a fourth, Flie; And all this perform'd by *Germane* Clock-Work: —— *Don Quixotes Roſinante*, was an Aſſe; *Reynaldo's Bayart*, a meer Slugge; and *Clavellino* the ſwift, a very Cow to him; —— I might mention *Alexander Beucephalus*, the *Cid's Bajeca*, the Moores *Zebra*, *Rogero's Frontino*, *Aſtolpho's Hippogryphon*, *Orlando's Briliadoro*; The *Muſes Pegaſe*, the *Suns Horſes*, and *Zancho's Dapple*, —— But they are not to be nam'd the ſame day together; —— One thing more I could tell you —— But ——

Suck. Good Mr. *Driver* —— out with it: —— No Butts (among friends) I pray.

Dr. Tis but ſhoeing him with Cork, and he ſhall tread as firm, and ſtrike as true a ſtroke on the water, as he does on land; and which is more, care for neither tyde nor weather, and run in the winds eye: —— A deviſe, muſt of neceſſitie break the Packet Boats, and conſequentlie engroſs the whole diſpatch for *Ireland*, *France* and *Holland*.

Suck. And do you think you could prevail with your Maſter to part with this horſe?

Dr. Yes certainly for his Sons good —— Though as I told you before, he has more alreadie then he knows well how to ſpend.

Suck. No more of that — Prethee let me ſpeak with him —— He ſhall have Bags, Daughter, Devil and all.

Dri. I'll wait on you agen immediatelie. — [*Exit* Dr.

Suck. Not coſt a man two pence a year the keeping, — So — ſo —— 'Tis an excellent ſhap't horſe, and muſt be good, —— Why may not I improve this Project now, and make him carry as much on his back, as the *Trojan* horſe did in his belly; at leaſt, as many Citizens and their Wives at once, as the great Bed at *Ware*, will hold at twice, — 'twas well thought on ——

Enter

Enter Dr. and Ferd.

Dr. This is my young Maſter Sir, will you pleaſe to be known to him.

Suck. A towardly young man—ſave you Sir ——

Fer. Your friend and *Ferdinand*—— Pray no Complements.

Suck. An humble young man, and ſparing of his very words—— I'll try his temper —— With your favour Sir—— I have long deſir'd your acquaintance, and having a further inclination to continue it, I muſt crave leave to ask you a few queſtions.——

Fer. The fewer the better, —— as near as I could, I would not waſte either time or breath.

Suck. Excellent! —— pray Sir what do you take to be the greateſt vertue in the world?

Ferd. Thrift.

Suck. Short, but pithy—Admirable! But might not I be ſo much beholding to you, as to give me your reaſon for't?

Fer. It would better become me to learn from you —— However, ſince you deſire it, I ſhall tell you what firſt mov'd me to it.

Suck. I am beholding to you —— pray begin.

Fer. Then truly Sir I find it founded upon Nature,—— The Sun the Moon, the Stars, are ſparing of their light, and do not alwaies ſhine; The Earth is barren in ſome places, that it may be fruitful in others —— And the Sea, has its ebbs and neaps, as well as flowings and Spring tides;—— And in a Word, from the beginning 'twas ever ſo.

Suck. Excellent agen! let me not interrupt you.

Fer. Nor is this all; It has been the general practice of all times—— The golden age, to ſave charges, were clad in skinnes, drank Water, eat Acorns, and to ſhew their innocence, wip'd their noſes on their ſleeves:—— The Philoſophers, they were ſparing—— The *Brachmans*, went naked,—— *Diogenes* liv'd in a Tub —*Pythagoras*, on Carrets and Cabbage;—— *Plato* wonder'd, a man could eat two meals a day;—— And *Epicurus* (whatever

we think of him) was as great a Prince with a toſt in the dripping Pan, as a fat Citizen with his ſhoulder of mutton and Capon: --The Stoicks, were abſtenious to a miracle, and if ever they exceeded, 'twas never at their own charge; Nor have they walkt alone, The learned tread hard after 'um; for either (like the ancient *Druids*) they commit nothing to writing, or if they do, 'tis ſo cloſe and *ænigmatical*, that no body can pick any thing out of 't:--But I burden you.

Suck. By no means,-- good Sir on.

Fer. To come nearer home, we all cry up Charitie, and no doubt, do well in it; But who makes any uſe of it? at leaſt, any more then needs muſt; we bleſs 'tis true, but without a Croſſe; And for good Works we do no more then will juſt ſerve (if yet that) for fear of ſupererogating,-- Pray tell me, was it for nothing think you that we found a late ſtile of the *Keepers of the Libertie*; or that the Keeper of a Park had his name to no purpoſe, -- ſurely no -- The Age is arriv'd to that height of thrift, that they find more's got by ſelling their Bucks, then by eating them themſelves, or giving 'um their friends.

Suck. Right:--I have not found more thrift, no not in *Spain* or *Italy*.

Fer. And now you mention *Spain*, give me leave to put off my hat to that Venerable name --- The *Spaniard!* -- the frugal *Spaniard!*-- that ſhall make you five meals upon one Hen, Feaſt his Familie with three Pilchards, and carry a pound of Mutton in triumph on a Skiver!--- But I forget my ſelf, I am ſure now I weary you --yet if you have ever ſo much time to ſpare, read but Sir *Jeffery Drop-noſe* his diſcourſe upon Save-alls, or his new method of skinning of Flints, and perhaps you may not think your time ill ſpent.

Suck. Ha--Ha--what was that?---Books--Books?

Fer. Yes Sir, a good thrifty Author and well receiv'd.

Suck. Uh--Have a care,--No Books I beſeech you -- They coſt mony -- Read men -- Read men. -- Hang theſe liberal Sciences; This is no time for 'em -- Study Thrift,-- Study Thrift, -- 'Tis ſtrange, you that are ſo great Maſter in the Theory, ſhould be

ſo,

ſo much out in the Practick! — let me read to you.

Fer. With all my heart, and I readilie embrace it.

Suck. 'Twas well ſaid — And firſt, for your perſon. — Have nothing about you that may be ſpar'd, nay though it be not worth a farthing; for if you would but ſeriouſlie conſider, how much one poor farthing, Uſe upon Uſe, in 200 years amounts to, you would not lay it out upon waſte: — Next, eat little, drink leſs, and ſleep much, to ſave fire and candle-light; And if ever you are ſick, be your own Doctor, and never exceed above a half-pennie worth of *Sena*: — Then for your clothes, make no new, but beg an old ſuit as for a poor friend of yours, but fit it up for your ſelf; but ſhort and cloſe, leſt your wife, taking example by you, run out as much in train.

Fer. But ſuppoſe, Sir, I kept her alwaies in mourning, would it not do well, think ye, to ſave Linnen, and waſhing?

Suck. Verie good, and well obſerv'd — And hark you — never let her be too forward in making Babie-clouts; perhaps the Child may be ſtill-born, and then, there's ſo much ſav'd — And ſince you have nam'd mourning, let me adviſe you, never give anie upon your will, they'l then mourn indeed: and for your wife, make her no more new clothes than needs muſt — As long as the Cat's skin is burnt, you ſhall have her keep home, let it be once ſleek'd and ſhe's preſentlie a Catterwauling — Then for your houſe-keeping — Be ever exact in keeping Faſting-daies, and Hollie-day Eves; for beſides that you complie with the Diſcipline of the Church, you ſave your own purſe — And for your proviſion — Be ſure to buie the worſt of everie thing, (as rotten Eggs, mouldie Wheat, ſtinking Beef, and the like) for beſides that it is much cheaper, your familie will eat the leſs, and for that reaſon alſo, let your meat be either bloud-raw, or over-roſted; and as near as you can dine late, that they may have no ſtomach to Supper.

Fer. Then, Sir, — If you'll give me leave —

Suck. Good leave have you — proceed —

Fer. If your Friend come to dine with you — Ask him by way of prevention, when he'l be ſo kind as to come and dine with

with you—— But if he chance to ſurprize you, Treat him not, but tell him you'l make no Stranger of him — Either he has an appetite, or he has not; if he has, hungers the beſt ſauce, if he has not, 'tis all loſt—— If he be your friend, he'l be contented with what you have; if not, 'tis too much.

Suck. Or rather take pattern from the Prudent *Dutch*, tell him your houſe is viſited, and ſo carry him to the next Inn, and there eat upon his purſe, — Two mens meals well ſav'd —— But one thing more which I had quite forgot—— If ever you ſhould chance to keep Servants, change 'em often; they are generally diligent in their new clothes— And for their ſervice — Let every one perform two Offices at leaſt; following herein the example of the ſame thrifty *Dutch*, with whom (generally) one and the ſame perſon ſupplies the ſeveral Offices of Chaplain and Barber.

Fer. How unfortunate am I, that have been ſo long a ſtranger to ſuch excellent Morals —— Pray, Sir, oblige me once more.

Suck. Ha, ha, he—— Shall I turn prodigal in my old age?

Fer. Of Counſel you may, Sir— it coſts you nothing.

Suck. Well-well-well,— Since I muſt —— Make the Ant your pattern for laying up, and the Limbeck your example for giving it out again— The Limbeck! (peace be with him that firſt invented it) The Limbeck, I ſay, that be it never ſo full, gives back again, but drop by drop— Which that you may the better do, let me adviſe you, firſt, to avoid Law-ſuits, it being like a Sheep's flying for ſhelter to a Bramble, where commonly he leaves the better part of his Fleece behind him— Next, give no mony to Servants, it being in effect a paying for your entertainment—— and as little, upon hopes of return, Ingratitude reigns — Then, never fiſh with a golden hook for fear you loſe it, or that the profit do not countervail the hazard and charge—— But this I would have you — when you have any buſineſs doing, let your hand be either fumbling about your little pocket, or playing with ſome gold—— Ah! — it makes a man ſo nimble when he believes it will be his preſently—— But when 'tis done, give him ne'r a grout; onely ſhake him by the hand,

invite

invite him to your houſe, and tell him your wife and he are Town-born children; let him ſay what he will when you're gon, you've ſav'd your mony, and the loſer may be allow'd the liberty of ſpeaking — Let the world call it ſordid, or what they pleaſe; He that can do this, may be preſum'd to be content with it, and conſequently, happy; for happineſs conſiſts in nothing more, than in being content —— *Populus me ſibilat, at mihi plaudo*—— A good ſaying, and the onely piece of all the Poets I ever underſtood — And hark ye, if thou marri'ſt my daughter, it ſhall be the poſie of her Wedding-ring.

Fer. How, Sir! marry your daughter —— why I ſcarce ever ſaw her.

Suck. No matter, no matter — ſhe ſhall be rul'd by me.

Fer. Alas, Sir — charge of children will come on — And I have heard ſay, A Wife's as chargeable, as an old Tenement, 'twill coſt you half your rent to keep it wind-tight and water-tight.

Suck. Well, well, well — thou ſhalt be at the charge of repairs during my life, and after my death, ſhalt have all — All I have — All-All-All.

Dr. Troth Sir my young Maſter is bound to you, — Come Sir, ſpeak comfortablie to the old Gentleman.

Fer. I can only thank you Sir, and tell you, that I am wholly at your diſpoſe.

Dr. Why that's well ſaid. ——

Enter Jocoſe, Mrs. Godſgood.

Suck. Mr. *Jocoſe*! in pudding time! Do you remember what you ſaid to me, touching your ſon, and my daughter? trulie, — trulie, I like the young man ſo well, that if I had twentie daughters he ſhould have 'em all, — All — Body and bones, and all I have after my death: — I trulie every groat, —— unleſſe it be four old *Harry* groats, which I have thus diſpos'd in my Will, *viz.* one groat to the poor of St. *Giles*'s, and St. *Andrews-Holborne*, to be equallie divided amongſt 'um; A ſecond, to the Hoſpitals of St. *Bartholmews*, *Chriſt* Church, and St. *Thomas*, to be equallie

equallie divided as before; Provided alwaies, that (within the first six months after my decease) they set up my name amongst their benefactors; —— A third to charitable uses in general, to be disposed, as to my Executors shall seem meet; A fourth towards my Funeral Expences, —— I think there will be no great need of a Sermon: —— A man must do some good you know.

Jo. And may he never thrive that shall go about to subvert so pious an intention; — And now for my son, — You have my consent.

Suck. I thank you, — But d'ye hear Mr. *Driver*, — Don't you forget the horse now; — no more but mum.—

Dr. I apprehend you Sir: — Your nod's enough.

Suck. Come Son, for that must be thy name now; — Come — go home with me, — and good Mr. *Driver* let it be your care to get us a gentle reader, he will not expect so much as another, — But for the Clerk, you may let him alone, — one of us can say *Amen*, as well as he: — There's so much sav'd. —

Dr. It shall be done Sir. —

Suck. Farewell, good Sir, — we'l make no Wedding of it — Tailor's Lists, and blew Points, shall be both Garters, and Favours —

Fer. So much the better — Your servant.

[*Exeunt* Suck. Ferd. & Driver.

Mr. G. G. Send them good luck.

Jo. And none for me, good Widow?

Mr. G. G. O by anie means — your Project deserves it.

Jo. Am I unkind to you then, that I'd have you take your monie again? — No — you are rather beholding to me that have not made those advantages of you, that had I lov'd your monie better than your person, I might have done.

Mrs. G. G. In that respect I must confess I am — But pray tell me — How came this humour about?

Jo. You may best answer that your self — You know I lov'd you, and could not be ignorant, but that I look'd upon Sir *Gudgeon Credulous* as a block in my way, which once remov'd, I might have

have the better hopes of kiſſing the Miſtreſs my ſelf: pray what did you moſt fancie in him, his perſon, his parts, or his eſtate?

Mrs. G. G. I was never ſo greedie to expect all three— I could for a need have excus'd the two former, to have been well ſecur'd of the laſt.

Jo. A right Widow.

Mrs. G. G. You men (alas for you) you never mind thoſe little things of Eſtate—— You are above Ordinances— You are altogether for Vertue.

Jo. Not ſo far neither, good Widow— A little of both does no hurt— They do as well together as ill aſunder—

Enter Sir Gudgeon.

—But ſee! your Haberdaſher of ſmall Projects—

Sir Gud. Yours, Sir,— Madam— who thought to have found your Ladiſhip here?

Mrs. G. G. Can you blame me, that am ſo far dipt in your Projects, to enquire at leaſt how things went.

Sir Gud. You might have truſted that to me— I dare warrant you a good return, and in few daies.—— A little time muſt needs make us either Princes, or Beggars — I hope the firſt.

Mrs. G. G. But ſuppoſe the latter?

Sir Gud. 'Tis not to be ſuppos'd— Let me tell the Widow of mine, —Be happie.

Mrs. G. G. 'Tis the thing we all wiſh— But how came you to be ſo confident of a ſudden?

Sir Gud. Becauſe 'tis impoſſible we ſhould be otherwiſe—— The work goes pleaſantlie on—— And hark ye, Widow, I am reſolv'd to preſent thee a piece of Scarlet, for thy own wearing, ſhall not have a lock of Wool in't— And yet good ſubſtantial Cloth.

Mrs. G. G. But who makes it, Sir *Gudgeon?*

Sir Gud. What matters that, ſo you have it— I am promis'd an Artiſt, ſhall do wonders.

Mrs. G. G. A ſmall Philoſopher I hope?

Sir Gud. 'Tis not material whether he be or no---- I love to truſt everie man in his way, —what care I whether my Tailor be a good Muſician, or my Coach-man be able to Con a Ship: ----it is enough to me that he perform what I intend him for.---- For my own part I am ſo well aſſur'd of the thing, that I could wiſh I were no Knight, but had ſtaid to have been made a Lord for altogether—— And ſo let me ſay to thee once again, Widow of mine---- be happie.

Jo. For that of Happie, be ſo as long as you can— But pray take me along with ye —— No longer Widow, nor yours I beſeech you.

Sir Gud. How's this!— Who dare ſay the contrarie? ——He were better —

Jo. Have broken your Worſhip's pate: —With this Ladie's leave— That dare I:— or if you will not believe it---- pray, Madam, lend me your Buſk.

Sir Gud. Mr. *Jocoſe*!— 'tis impoſſible!—— I never thought you would have ſerv'd me thus.

Jo. And why not— would you engroſs all to your ſelf?— He projects, and She projects too.— Good, Sir *Gudgeon*, —there's Conſcience in everie thing.----

Sir Gud. 'Tis well you are my friend---- But do n't ye preſume too far.

Jo. Further than this Ladie I ſhall not— and yet ſo far (with her good favour) I ever ſhall.

Sir Gud. But you may come ſhort home— You know the neceſſitie of attending more grand Affairs lies upon me--- But---

Jo. Does the fool prate?

Mrs. G. G. Nay, Mr. *Jocoſe*. [*Sir* Gudgeon *runs out.*

Jo. I obey—— And now, Madam, I leave it to your own judgment, how much I was out in my Character--- And if there remains any thing to your further ſatisfaction, pray let me know it.

Mrs. G. G. I'l conſider of it within. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V.

Enter Mrs. Gotam, *Mrs.* Squeeze, (*ſeverally.*)

Mrs. Sq. MRs. *Gotam*, well met— whither ſo faſt?

Mrs Got. Marrie to find out this Rogue that has abus'd my Husband— I tell thee what, *Squeeze*, He and his Staff-men have made ſuch a ſtink in our houſe, that all the neighbours are up, and crie, A Wedding, a Wedding— I have been this half hour a ſhaking the Bride-laces off my petticoat.

Mrs. Sq. Why, what's the matter?—

Mrs. Got. Hang him for a fool— He cries, 'tis a new way of making Gun-powder— But when he's in a condition of receiving it, I'll ring him ſuch a peal— I'll Gun-powder him—.

Mrs. Sq. And mine's as bad o' the t'other ſide— He's ſo full of buſineſs he's ev'n mad— He talks of nothing but Sonnets, Madrigalds, Acroſticks, Love-letters, Wedding-Poſies, and I know not what— Well, if thy Husband's Project be the beginning of Love, I am confident mine's the end of't.

Mrs. Got. O that theſe men muſt do all things by themſelves, and never adviſe with their Wives till it be too late— But I'l make my Gentleman know a piece of my mind before I have done with him.—

Enter Gotam, (*ſputtering.*)

Mrs. Sq. Peace, peace— here he comes.—

Got. Uh-- Hum-- Puth-- 'Ta'd need be profitable, I am ſure 'tis not very toothſome.

Mrs. Got. And whither, Gentleman? whither ſo faſt? — Your Wife 's nothing with you—— But I've a Crow to pluck w' ye—— Where's my Coach and the eight Horſes you talk'd of, and the new Dining-room to our Country-houſe—— D' ye think to rob me thus.

Got. Nay, good wife-- dear hony-- they're all a coming:-- Do'ſt not ſee what pains I have been taking-- and all to make thee a Ladie-- Prythee -- 'tis all for thee -- Good faith it is.

Mrs. Got. Marry fough -- All what?

Got. What ever I bring to perfection -- Thou muſt have patience-- 'Tis but an Embrio yet.

Mrs. Got. Pray leave me off your Brewing, unleſs it were to better purpoſe -- I was finely holpt up when I married you, and refus'd more likelie men everie way, and ſuch as would have maintained me like a woman -- But the devil ow'd me a good turn:——

Got. Nay, dear wife -- thou art alwaies in this Key -- What encouragement can it be to a man, when his wife believes nothing but what ſhe ſhould not?

Mrs. Got. Say -- ſpeak -- what ſhould I believe, or what ſhould I not believe? -- you'l teach me, will you?

Got. No, good wife -- But we may hear one another though.

Mrs. Got. I've heard too much -- Thou lets everie one lead thee by the Noſe, and make thee an Aſs and a Beaſt -- And I could find in my heart to make thee too -- (Look better to your buſineſs) Come come -- where be the Keys of the Cheſt? give 'em me.

Got. What to do?

Mrs. Got. What to do with my own? -- why was it not all mine? -- And doſt thou grutch me my own? -- Go go -- try thy Experiments with what thou broughtſt thy ſelf, unleſs they were better or more likelie.

Enter Mr. Driver.

Got. Mr. *Driver*! -- Never in better ſeaſon.

Dr. Why how now Mrs. *Gotam*, — Sitting in judgment upon your Husband?

Mrs.Got. If I do-- 'tis my own husband-- and one that (if you pleaſe Sir) has been fool'd enough by you.

Got. Nay Wife-- you wo'nt ſpoil all? -- the Gentleman is a Civil Gentleman, and an excellent perſon in his way.

Mrs. Got. I'll excellent ye both— What fine Project is this you have put my Husband upon? — Had your Maſter no one to fool but his own fleſh and blood?

Dr. What does your Wife mean Mr. *Gotam?*

Got. Alas Sir, if you liv'd at our houſe you'd never ask that queſtion —— 'tis her ordinarie exerciſe to keep her ſelfe in breath.

Mrs.Got. I'll breath you-- muſt you abuſe me too! remember this Gentleman.--

Dr. But may not I know whence all this heate?

Mrs.Got. You know but too well-- And as you have brought him on, pray bring him off, or I'll make the houſe too hot for you and your Maſter too-- I'll powder you.--

Dr. And why-- How goes it forward?

Got. In plain Troth Sir (between our ſelves) I half doubt the Woman's mad,-- She has thrown all the Tubs about houſe, and rais'd the Neighbous about our ears.

Dr. And you think you've done a wiſe action now, to diſcover in one minute, what ſome men might have ſtudy'd their whole lives for, but never found.

Mr. Got. Indeed Sir! -- And do you believe there was any thing in't?

Dr. It matters not whither there were or no-- Your own follie [*He tares a paper.*

will beſt teach you-- There-- There's the Counter-part of your Articles; and to let you ſee how much I ſcorn to take advantage of

of you, I discharge you of all monies due by vertue of 'um.

Got. You've done well Wife —— yo've made a fair hand on't.

Mrs. Got. Nay pray Sir.

Enter Squeeze (singing.)

Dr. Not a word more— I ha' done with't.--

Squeez. And wilt thou gang with me my Jo?
And wilt thou gang with me?
Now for thy Daddy's Benison,
I prythee now gang with me.

Dri. I— heres your diligent man,— He has traverst *Scotland* already.— Now Mr. *Squeeze*, how goes all affairs?

Sq. Why, as a man may say, on Wheels— I had no sooner set up my Bills, and hung out a large Label, with this Inscription in Capital Letters,---

Young Men Advance, and Maidens eke draw near,
Here dwells Loves Epistoliographer.

I say I had no sooner hung it out, then my house was too little to hold the company. O' my Conscience I think *Wapping*, *Ratcliff*, and *East Smith-eld* were never so drain'd since the last great shew— I'll undertake, 'twould have made two Gingerbread women for ever.

Dr. See here Mr. *Gotam*! —— see what industry can do! —— And yet I vallu'd your device at least 50 *per Cent.* more then this.

Got. I'm an unluckie fellow— this a man gets by making his Wife acquainted with his business.

Mrs. Got. Nay prethee sweet heart lets home agen— I'll try to recover all.

Got. Impossible, —— or if it wern't, the Neighbours have

smoak'd

ſmoak'd it.— O Mr. *Squeeze*! what luck you have!

Squeez. My faith I do prettie well, and at ſmall expence —— I'll be ſworn the Packet of Letters, Familiar Epiſtles, Academy of Complements, and two or three of the new Poets, is the greateſt charge I have been at —— and I am confident I ſhall, in a ſhort time, be able to bring it into a leſſer compaſs, by Printing ſome blank Copies of the ſeveral kinds, that ſhall indifferent lie ſerve to every occaſion.

Dr. A prettie device and well found out.

Sq. But the main thing I built on, troubles me— You remember the Fift Term.—

Dr. And what of that?

Sq. I have offer'd it to all the Inns of Court, Chancerie, and Commons, and none bids me any thing for't— for they that have any thing to do, crie four is enough, and they that have not, though they ſhrug their ſhoulders, and look ſmilingly on't, yet whither it be, that t'others keep 'um ſo low, or that they fear they'd in a ſhort time engroſs this too, though they ſeem to wiſh well to't, yet they bid me not a farthing.—

Dr. No matter— You'll find enough in this;— You muſt not be too covetous.

Mrs. Got. But good Mr. *Driver*— Will you aſſiſt us at leaſt in the Soap buſineſs.

Dr. They go together— make one, and t'other follows:—— But I'll meddle no more in't— I am too full elſe-waie.

Got. Pray conſider of't— and wee'll take a turn or two in the Garden the while— Perhaps I may light udon ſome new propoſals.— Mr. *Squeeze* ſhall I beg your companie?

Sq. With all my heart. [*Exeunt, all but Driver.*

Dr. Well, I am gon ſo far— but how to get clear agen, there's the queſtion,— I brought it on, and I hope my Maſter has by this time thought of ſome device or other to bring it off.—

Enter

Enter Sir Gudgeon.

Sir *Gudgeon Credulous*! Your Servant.

Sir Gud. Oh Mr. *Driver*! How have you ſerv'd me?— I have been trying your Experiment at leaſt 40 waies, and I'm ſure my glaſs as good as any in Chriſtendome, but the Devil of a thread can I make hold, 'twas as rotten as dirt— An old black, dy'd out of a rotten Scarlet, and that too, burnt in the die, is Iron to it.

Dr. Sure Sir you're miſtaken:

Sir Gud. No, no, no— 'tis but too true.

Dr. Or did not take the right way:

Sir Gud. Oh no— I was exact to the Thouſand part of a haire.

Dr. Or perhaps over did your work, and ſo calcin'd 'um— O' my Conſcience if the truth were known this was it— And yet 'tis ſtrange, ſo grave a Philoſopher, that has written ſo profoundly of Cobwebs, and Perry, ſhould be ſo much out in his firſt rudiments.

Sir Gud. I know not, but 'tis as I tell you.

Dr. You ſee what 'tis when men cannot be contented to do, but they muſt over-do— 'Tis well I did not truſt you with the buſineſs of Malleable Glaſs — Suppreſſing Mountebanks,— and Enlarging the Citie Charter— If I had, 't ad been all one.

Sir Gud. How's that, good Mr. *Driver*?— Pray lets hear 'um— They may make amends for t'other.

Dr. No, no more— I'll never truſt a man agen that can't go by himſelf— One of your Years and Intellectuals, and not read without a Feſcue!

Sir Gud. Come, come— lets trie to recover't agen.

Dr. Never, never— I know, though I han't ſeen your work, you have ſpoil'd the deſigns for things of this nature are ſo nice, and kickiſh, the leaſt Error renders them irretriveable.— A man had better fix Mercury in a blowing Mill, then offer to think on't.

Sir Gu.

Sir Gud. What remedie then?

Enter Jocoſe *leading Mrs.* Godſgood, *Sir* Gud. *walks.*

Jo. Patience, Sir *Gudgen*, patience.

Sir Gud. Hugh—— Patience —— And had I more, here's that would exerciſe it all.

Jo. And now no longer Widow, be as merrie as a good Huſband can make thee.

Mrs. G. G. I have but your own word for 't; and yet hope I ſhall have no cauſe to repent the action; 'Twas well ſaid—— And I'l promiſe thee (as near as I can) I'll give thee none—— But ſee, Sir *Gudgeon Credulous*!—— He's come to give thee joy.

Sir Gud. Joy—— Choke 'um —— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. G. G. Save you, Sir *Gudgin* —— You've been a great ſtranger—— I ſee I might have even done what I would for all you —— y'are a kind Suitor!

Sir Gud. She jears me too! —— Is it not enough to have injur'd me, but you muſt tell me ſo?

Mrs. G. G. I injur'd you!—— forbid it —— Pray how goes on our common buſineſs?

Sir Gud. All evaporated — gon — gon — quite loſt——

Mrs. G. G. Why—— as I underſtand you, there was to be neither fire nor ſmoke in 't.

Sir Gud. I know not —— The Devil was in't—— And my new Drape—— quite defunct.

Mrs. G. G. And do you think it was kindly done to engage me in ſuch a buſineſs?

Sir Gud. 'Twas no more then what I did my ſelf—— But I ſee (now it is too late) that I am meerly trickt out of my monie, my Widow, and all—— But ſome bodie ſhall dearlie rue it.

Jo. That's not I, Sir *Gudgeon* —— Is it?

Sir Gud. No matter whether it be or no—— There are other bodies in the world beſides your ſelf.

Jo. Yes that there are—— There are Bodies Politick, as *London* and *Weſtminſter*; and Bodies Simple, as Sir *Gudgeon* and his Participants.

Sir Gud. D'ye hear this, Mr. *Driver*? — I ſhall order you y' faith, if there be any Law between the Mount in *Cornwal* and *Berwick* Stairs.

Dr. However, Sir, I am to thank you that you have been pleas'd to lend me ſome monie to defend the Suit.

Sir Gud. Well — look to t — I ſay no more. —

[*He offers to go out,* Jo. *ſtops him.*

Jo. No departing in wrath, good Sir *Gudgeon* — One does not know what you may do to your ſelf — You had better ſtay a while and take a little adviſe with you: — Go — go down into the Country and awe your poor neighbours with my Lord's nod, or his whiſper in your ear at parting — Studie Longitude and the Philoſopher's Stone; The North-Weſt Paſſage, and the Square of a Circle — So brave a Sir *Poll*, trouble himſelf with trifles! — By no means — no — no — Embark for the *Indies* in a Cock-boat, or to *France* on a Mil-ſtone; Plant a Colonie in *Terra Incognita*, or ſettle an Intelligence with the Emperor of *Utopia* — Theſe were fit for Sir *Gudgeon*! —

— *Hæ tibi ſunt artes!*

Sir Gud. Well, Sir, well — 'Tis your time now.

Jo. Or if you love the ſmoke o' the Town better — Enter your ſelf a *Vertuoſo*, and ſit in Judgment on everie man but your ſelf — Never open your mouth with leſs than a Caball, and yet ſpeak little, for fear you be underſtood — However let your ſententious Tooth-pick ſpeak for you, that you could ſay more, if you durſt truſt the Companie, or were not under an Oath of ſecrefie: .. Sir *Gudgeon* beat his brains about ordinary matters! — fie .. fie —

Enter Suckdrie *hugging himſelf.*

Sir Gud. You do well, Sir —

Suck. Not coſt a man two pence a year the keeping — O rare! — Mr. *Driver* —

Jo. See! here's another of your Brethren — Prythee, *Driver*, entertain him, while I look to the Knight.

Sir Gud.

Jo. So-- keep me a priſoner too-- you fear nothing.

Suck. Well met -- well met, Sir *Gudgeon* -- I ſent you home the Boy and the Girl— Ha --?. [*To Jocoſe.*

Jo. They are within.

Suck. But hark, Mr. *Driver* — A word — Ha' ye fitted out the Horſe yet?

Dr. And over-fitted too—— What's worſe then ill luck?— Certain we are bewitch'd.

Suck. As how, as how, as how, Mr. *Driver?*— no hurt I hope, good Mr. *Driver?*

Dr. Yes faith, Sir — But it could not be helpt.

Suck. What? what? what? what? what I pray?

Dr. Why faith as he was coming full ſpeed down *Highgate*-hill, he tript upon a ſtone, fell, and broke his leg ſhort off.

Suck. Uh— undone for ever -- No good to be done with him now?— -- Speak -- Ha?—

Dr. Why trulie— he may be made ſerve again— To the Court of Guard, or ſo— But I fear me, not without ſome charge.

Suck. Uh— Charge—— What a fool was I to be ſo forward in this Match, till I had ſeen what would have come of t'other?

Dr. How, Sir?-- is my young Maſter ſo cheap with you already?

Enter Ferdinand *leading* Nancy, *both in rich apparel.*

Suck. Why that's ſome comfort yet— He'll ſave it up again by little. —Oh? *Driver*!— What's this I ſee— ſurely this houſe is the Land of Viſions— My Daughter in beaten Sattin— Held me — I faint— I faint— Uh —

Fer. Come, my dear— And now no more of your No pray I thank ye's—— 'Twas well carri'd.

Nan. While I was at my Fathers, blame me not if I obei'd him, and now his Election has made me yours, I hope I ſhall not ſo miſtake the perſon, as to pay you leſs.

Fer. That's a prettie Rogue.

Nan. O my father -- Good Sir, help—

Fer. Certain he never gat her -- Nay were ſhe not my wife, I'd ſwear it —— What's the matter? — ſtand off and give him Air.

Suck. Uh -- Hu -- my ſon and all! — And all to be daub'd! -- Is this the thriftie Gentleman? —— Uh— How apt is even the beſt ground to run into weeds? — Uh —— Uh —

Fer. Come, pray Sir, do not diſquiet your ſelf, or judge me by my out-ſide— 'tis the way to be miſtaken a ſecond time.

Suck. Is this founded upon Nature? —— This the habit of the antient Philoſophers? —— It had not been amiſs, if while they pretended to inſtruct others, they had yet taught themſelves.

Fer. Let me ſupply that defect, if yet you doubt it.

Suck. This the keeping your wife in mourning, to ſave Linnen and waſhing? — This the burnt Cats skin we talkt of? — defend her from what follows.

Fer. Pray Sir hear me — And though I did a while put a force upon my Nature to humor you, be not now diſturb'd that I am yet at laſt come to my ſelf agen.

Suck. Vh,-- vh He believes theſe things are death to me, and will murder me, though it be but to ſcatter that little which with ſo much pains I have rak't together.

Ferd. Do not miſconceive me,— 'Tis my deſire you may live and enjoie what you have.— The Earth, though ſhe conveighs the water through her veins, is allow'd yet, to ſuck in as much as may refreſh her ſelf.

Suck. I was right— He is reſolv'd to break my heart.

Fer. Pray Sir hear me, and ſet not up your reſt on that, which ſimply conſider'd, is not that bleſſing the world takes it for. —— No, - Wealth not enjoy'd, is but a dead heap of muck, and the ſame unactive lump in the Cheſt, it was in the Mine. —— Were you maſter of all the moſt mightie could wiſh, did you not onlie poſſeſs riches, but tread on 'um —— ſhould fortune cover you with gold, and were your wealth as boundleſs as your eye, yet had you not a heart to uſe't, you would but from thence learn to covet more, and thoſe falſe deſires having no limit, would become as infinite as error.

Suck.

Suck. Vh--vh-- no mercy!

Fer. Let me prevail — good Sir— You cannot but hear a man that pleads againſt his own intereſt —— You have enough; why ſhould you denie your ſelf, at leaſt, a moderate uſe of it? Why ſhould ye be fearful to approach it, and yet be jealous of others? (like the ſenſitive Plant, ſhrink at the touch, and cramp into a Convulſion.) Why ſhould ye uſe your wealth (as Anglers their little fiſh) onlie to bait for more? Or why degrade your ſelf from that Spheare wherein Nature ſet ye, by a voluntarie ſale of your ſelf to Slaverie? — In a word, why ſhould you poſſeſſe that with pain, which others behold with envie? Such as (in it ſelf) rather threatens, then profits, and thus obtain'd becomes not the end, but change of miſerie.—— Come — Pray Sir.

Suck. How ſhall I believe him?— He ſaid as much on t'other ſide e're while—— Give me leave. [*Suck. offers to go out, Jocoſe ſtops him.*

Jo. I'll be his ſecurity-- Pray ſtay a little,-- All will be well--

Enter Squeeze, Gotam, and their Wives.

Oh Gentlemen you're welcome--- Now Sir *Gudgeon*, what think you of reconciling all intereſts?

Sir Gu. You're in your own houſe —— You may do what you liſt.

Jo. No more of that, I pray— I muſt have all friends though to my own loſs.—— And therefore, to be ſhort, let me tell you Sir *Gudgeon*, that finding you ſo inclin'd to Projects, I thought you might be inſtrumental to mine, and I have compaſt 'um— This, * for my ſelf, and that for my Son— for any thing beyond that, I am wholly a ſtranger to t—— For I ever look'd upon Projectors, like the Dogs in the Fable, that burſt themſelves, by endeavouring to drink up the Pond, that they might the eaſier come at the carkaſs, that floated on the middle of't. ——

* *He points to the Widow and Nancy*

Mrs. Got. And do you think to carry't off thus? —— Doſt look

looke like a Sheep-biter and ſeeſt thy ſelf laugh at?

[*To her Husband.*

Jo. Pray Gentlewoman — with your good patience a little— The Uſe may chance to be more comfortable then the Doctrin— For once I'll be the Author of an ill Court-Preſident, You ſhall all have your Monie agen.

Sir Gu. Say you ſo Mr. *Jocoſe!* — Now ſend us more ſuch Courtiers — Come Gentlemen we will be friends before his mind alter — 'Tis ten to one but he had been too hard for us.

Got. Indeed might he have been.

Suck. And ſo he has been for me.

Sq. I ſhall looſe nothing by't.

Jo. What ſay ye Gentlemen, d'ye like my motion?

Sir Gu. I-- I-- Mr. *Suckdry* ſhall be rul'd by me.

Suck. That's more then you know though.

Omnes. Come — pray Sir.

Sir Gu. 'T'as taught us wit.

Jo. And I hope you'll conſider your tutor *Driver*.

Sir Gu. Well — well — leave him to me.

Jo. And ſo, you're pleas'd? — And you, —. And you,--- And you,— And I hope [*They anſwer ſeveral.*

The ſame of you — ſince now at laſt you find,* [*The Pit.
Who ploughs the Clouds, ſhall only reap the Wind.

[Exeunt Omnes.

ERRATA.

BEfore the three firſt Acts you'l find *Scan.* 1. Wherin the Printer miſtook his Copy; be pleaſed to blot 'em: each *Act* being but one *Scane*, and the Stage throughout the whole Play kept full, -- The reſt, being at moſt but literal, leaves to your favour.

Epilogue.

PLATS, are but Morals, and the Antients,
That firſt wrapt Truth in Tales, had their intents.
Full well they knew, nothing diſcover'd Vice,
Like its own Picture— So we hope of this:
How ill Suckdrie *appears! How odly thoſe,*
That graſp at Shadows, and the Subſtance loſe!
Take you the Moral right -- and ſay -- The Stage
Then does its Work, when it reforms the Age.

FINIS.